

The Messenger

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"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

ASCENSION DAY.

This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.—FOR THE EPISCOPAL.

Lord, on earth I dwell in pain;
Here in anguish I must lie;
Wherefore leav'st Thou me again,
Why ascendest Thou on high?
Take me, take me hence with Thee,
Or abide, Lord, still in me;
Let Thy love and gifts be left,
That I be not all bereft.

Leave Thy heart with me behind,
Take mine hence with Thee away;
Let my sighs an entrance find
To Thy heaven whence'er I pray.
When I cannot pray, oh plead
With Thy Father in my stead;
Thou who sittest at God's right hand,
Help us here Thy faithful band.

Help me earthly toys to spurn,
Raise my thoughts from things below;
Mortal am I here, yet yearn
Heavenly like my Lord to grow,
That my time through faith may be
Order'd for eternity;
Till we rise, all perils o'er,
Whither Thou hast gone before.

In due season come again,
As was promised us of old:
Raise the members that have lain
Gnaw'd of death beneath the mould.
Judge the evil world that deems
Thy sure words but empty dreams;
Then for all our sorrows past,
Let us know Thy joy at last.

—Neumann, 1700.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DAMASCUS, Syria, April 21st, 1879.

Dear Brethren of the Consistory:—At this, my earliest opportunity, I hasten to give you an account of the most interesting part of my journey. By God's providence I have now been permitted to make a tour of the Holy Land even to Dan, which was the farthest, northern point, and I hasten to give a brief description of some of the points that interested me most.

The river Jordan and the Dead Sea were the first places we visited after leaving Jerusalem. I found the water of the Dead Sea, very thick, so that it was impossible to sink in it: the water was also very salty and bitter, and it is rightly called the Dead Sea, for I believe no living thing can live in it, a fit type of death itself.

Its waters leave a very unpleasant sensation upon the skin, so that after a hot ride across the plain of the Jordan, we were very glad to get to the pure waters of the Jordan, that sacred stream of the Jews. The Jordan is not a wide stream, but very swift, and at the spot where we were, which was the traditional place where John the Baptist baptized, its waters were muddy, but the water was very sweet and good to the taste.

To this place the pilgrims of the Greek Church come every Easter, and plunge in its waters, believing that if they bathe in the Jordan, they will go to heaven, fondly

hoping that the water of that sacred river, will wash away sin. Thanks be to God we have a more glorious river, in which we can plunge and feel our sins forgiven, the river that flows from the fountain of Christ's blood, where sinners plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.

Another place that interested me very much was Shechem. It is situated between two mountains, Gerizim and Ebal, the mountains of blessing and cursing of Joshua viii. 33. These mountains rise up very steep on both sides of the city, and they showed us the place where Joshua read the law, and the people shouted back, Amen. The valley in which the town is situated is a beautiful one, full of running streams, a thing very rare in Palestine. At the eastern end of the valley is situated Jacob's well, where Jesus had the conversation with the Samaritan woman, recorded in the fourth chapter of John. At Shechem is the seat of the Samaritans, founded by Sanballat, about whom we studied in Sunday-school some time since. They are a very small, strange sect, numbering now only one hundred and forty souls, but every year they go up to the top of Mount Gerizim, and keep the pass-over there. They are the only religious sect now, that keeps the Passover as the Jews did in the time of Christ. I found there a missionary, a convert from the Greek church, laboring among the people. But it was very hard to influence the people, as they were mainly Mohammedans, and no Mohammedan dare become a Christian without running the risk of losing his life.

I spent Easter Sabbath at Nazareth, and it was very pleasant to spend a Sabbath at the home of Jesus, where He spent so many Sabbaths. I found Nazareth a little town up among the mountains, a quiet place, just the place where the youthful Jesus could meditate, and grow in grace, as the Scriptures said He did. They showed us the place where Joseph's house stood, and also the place where the synagogue stood, in which Jesus worshiped. But these places are now changed into churches, so that they did not impress me as they would have done, if they had been left just as they were in the Saviour's time.

On Saturday afternoon, I went into a carpenter shop, and while the carpenter was mending my umbrella, I found such a shop in Nazareth, quite a suitable place for religious reflection; for in such a shop at this place, Jesus toiled for many years.

On Sabbath morning, I climbed the hill just back of the town, where Jesus (who was such a lover of the beauties of nature) must often have gone, and I got a most beautiful view of the Plain of Esdraelin, south of me, and of Mount Carmel, just opposite me. Through my field-glass, I could see distinctly the place where Elijah offered his great sacrifice to God on that mountain; the place is still called by the people "the place of burnt offerings;" and just below it, flows the brook Riskin, while in the mountain peak just above it, Elijah went to pray, when the lad saw the cloud, only as big as a man's hand. And there before me, lay that beautiful plain of Esdraelin, over which Elijah ran before Ahab's chariot, full twenty miles to the gate of Jezreel, Ahab's capital. There on that mountain top above Nazareth, surrounded by such scenery and associations, I took out my Bible, and spent a short season in communion with God. It was a blessed occasion to me. Afterward, I had an opportunity to see the place where the Nazarenes tried to cast Jesus over a precipice when they rejected Him. It is almost thirty feet high, and would have brought death to any one hurled over its brink, as Jesus would have been by such an infuriated mob. That Sabbath, that I spent at Nazareth, I shall not soon forget.

Another place that deeply impressed me, was the Sea of Galilee. We rested by its side a day, and I had time to reflect upon its sacred associations. It is a small, quiet sea, surrounded by hills on every side, except toward the northwest. I had the pleasure of sailing on its waters, as Jesus did, many hundred years ago, and I saw the fishermen at their nets, just as Jesus did when He called His disciples, and made them fishers of men.

At the northwestern end of the lake is Capernaum, where we encamped. Wherever I looked it brought up some event in Jesus'

life. Just across that sea lay Gergesa, where Jesus healed the maniac. On that sea Jesus had stilled the storm near Capernaum. He spoke those beautiful parables of the sower and the tares, and the mustard seed, while sitting on one of the hills above it. He uttered that matchless sermon on the Mount. In the midst of such associations we traveled, and I assure you it was a great spiritual feast. I have only had time now to tell you a little of what I have seen, but I hope hereafter, to be able to bring these places more vividly before you; for the Holy land is very vividly impressed on my mind now. Indeed, on reading my Bible now, I find a new light is shed upon its pages; for as I read, the scenery of the different places comes before me, and the Bible seems more real than it ever did before.

We arrived at this ancient city of Damascus last Saturday, but I will postpone my description of this very interesting place until my next letter.

I often think of you all, and pray for God's blessing to rest upon you. I suppose soon after this letter reaches you, which will be a month from this date, you will be about to celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, on the first Sabbath in June. I would like to be with you, but as I must be absent, I pray that the presence of God may fall upon you then, and the love of the dear Saviour may be felt in every heart.

My best wishes for the temporal welfare of all, and prayers for their spiritual growth.

Your pastor, JAS. I. GOOD.

NOTE.—This letter from Rev. J. I. Good to Heidelberg Congregation, has been kindly given to us for publication.—Ed.

Selected.

THE ROMISH CHURCH AND TOLERATION.

We print to-day a short paragraph on the "Jubilee of Catholic Emancipation," which reads in striking and significant contrast to the recent letter of the Pope to the Cardinal Vicar on the subject of Protestant schools in Rome. Fifty years have passed since the measures for the emancipation of Catholics in the United Kingdom became law, and if Catholics take stock of the result with pardonable pride and exultation, their Protestant fellow-subjects can afford to contemplate it without misgiving. The concession was made, not in the interests of an aggressive and intolerant faith, but to principles of civil justice which had too long been held in abeyance. It was made, indeed, in spite of the certainty that the Romish faith would profit by the removal of its disabilities, as it now boasts that it has done. Sir Robert Peel, in introducing the measure which cost him the severance of the most cherished political connection of his life, frankly acknowledged that the admission of Catholics to civil equality might lead to a struggle for religious supremacy, and he as frankly accepted the issue. If, after justice had been done, he said, the struggle could not be avoided, at any rate it would be waged, not for an equality of civil rights, but for the predominance of an intolerant religion, and in such a contest we should be at no disadvantage for having conceded all that justice could demand, and thereby secured the sympathy of all to whom freedom was dear. Another statesman of the time, shrewd, witty, and insouciant, is said to have declared that Catholic emancipation was a question on which all the fools were on one side and all the clever fellows on the other, but that for once the fools were in the right and the clever fellows in the wrong. He, too, foresaw that the true Ultramontane temper was not one to be satisfied by an appeal to civil justice and equality; that while the Church militant and suppliant condescends to use the weapons of its foes, the Church triumphant would throw them aside and trample on them as soon as they were no longer needed. Fifty years have passed since Catholic emancipation was granted, and Catholics complacently reckon up their gains. Happily, no religious struggle such as that which Sir Robert Peel thought possible fifty years ago has taken place in this country. But the spirit of Rome is still unchanged. The Pope regrets, in language which would be touching if it were not so

strangely obsolete, that his lot has fallen on such evil times that he cannot even check the spread of Protestantism in Rome itself. Thus another Pontiff whose accession was thought to betoken the admission of a more generous, tolerant spirit into the councils of the Vatican, falls back, by the inevitable gravitation of Infallibility, on the syllabus of his predecessor, which comprehensively condemns as a final error the proposition that the "Sovereign Pontiff can or ought to make his peace with progress, with Liberalism, and with modern civilization."

We have now seen two successive Popes whose accession has been hailed as affording the promise of such a reconciliation. Pius IX might at one time have been regarded almost as a Pope of the Revolution. Yet he lived to promulgate the Syllabus and to proclaim the dogma of Infallibility. Leo XIII was expected to discard the evil influences which made the last years of Pius IX a burden to all but one school of Catholics; yet before he has reigned a year he is found regretting the loss of the temporal power which enabled his predecessors to keep Protestantism out of Rome. No practical familiarity with this spectacle of a generous man gradually yielding to the influences of an intolerant creed, no theoretical conviction of its logical necessity, suffices to dispel the melancholy it occasions. A truly liberal Pope, like that ideal Pope Angelico, whose anticipated coming a great English novelist has touched with such true pathos and poetry, is the aspiration of all generous-minded men at each successive vacancy of the Pontifical chair. Time after time the aspiration seems to be fulfilled, but again and again the Pope remains long after the Liberal has vanished. It will be said that this is the necessary issue of Ultramontane principles. The confession may be true; but, happily, Ultramontanism is not yet co-extensive with the Catholic world, and outsiders at least may be permitted to regret the extension of its baleful influence. Moreover, we in this country have earned the right to look upon the whole question from another point of view. We have long yielded to demands put forth by the Catholics themselves on the grounds of freedom and toleration. We have not even found it easy to sympathize with Prince Bismarck in his high-handed conduct of the Culturkampf. We have maintained, in accordance with our history and traditions, that the best way to deal with a rival, and even aggressive form of faith, is not to attempt to suppress it by force, but to give it a fair field and no favor. For fifty years the Catholic faith has enjoyed absolute toleration in this country, with no insignificant results. It would not be unreasonable if we were to look for a little reciprocity from Rome. But with Ultramontanism, when any question of toleration arises, long experience ought to have taught us that reciprocity exists, as the Irishman said, all on one side.

The letter of the Cardinal Vicar invites all good Catholics in Rome "to testify against the insults offered by Protestants" to the faith, and with this object they are to attend one of the Roman churches. This appeal is a practical comment on the Pope's recent message of no little significance. The Pope was mild, politic, and almost dignified, though he advocated a policy which the liberal sentiment of the whole civilized world has long since condemned. To read his polished sentences regretting that the world had gone so far in its evil course that it was no longer possible to persecute for conscience' sake even in Rome itself, only raises a feeling of mild astonishment, such as might be excited by a man who regretted the decline of astrology. These are but the common-places of Papal rhetoric, though they are turned by the present Pope with a grace and a regretful benevolence such as Pius IX never cared to affect. But the Cardinal Vicar's appeal is far more practical and straightforward. There is the true ring of the "Don't put him under the pump" order of toleration about it. In Rome itself such an appeal to bigotry and fanaticism is not likely to be very effective, thanks to the circumstances which the Pope still regrets though the world still congratulates itself upon them. But we know only too well what are likely to be its effects elsewhere. If Catholics in Rome are invited by their highest dignitaries to testify against so-called

insults to the faith, which are but the consequences of a freedom of worship and teaching freely conceded to Catholics elsewhere, the example is pretty sure to be bettered where Catholics are more fervid and their ecclesiastical teachers perhaps less scrupulous. An abstract of a statement issued by the Council of Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, shows that, in Connemara at least, the Irish Catholics have not waited for the Pope's sanction and encouragement, or the Cardinal Vicar's invitation, in order to read their Protestant neighbors a lesson in toleration as interpreted by Ultramontanism. What the Pope would put down with the strong arm if he could, the Catholic rabble of Connemara seems to be trying to put down by the like means and with the like object. It has organized, we are told, a regular crusade, accompanied by violent assaults on unoffending Protestants, by wrecking and burning of buildings, and by the establishment of a reign of terror and of mob law throughout the district. This, then, is the result of fifty years of Catholic emancipation. We can afford to regard the spread of Catholicism with indifference so long as it respects the laws which afford it hospitality and immunity. We cannot, therefore, share the Pope's regret that we have surrendered the powers which enabled us to persecute an alien faith or which placed it under disabilities. But the freedom which Protestants have conceded must not in its turn be denied to them even in a remote corner of Ireland. Protestants, no less than Catholics, must be free to practise their faith, and to propagate it by all lawful means. But the wrecking of Protestant schools and the assault of Protestant teachers and converts is an application of the principle of toleration, which, though it may be encouraged by the latest utterances of the Vatican, is certainly a sorry return by Irish Catholics to a nation which conceded Catholic emancipation fifty years ago.—London Times.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

Not a little can be done to prepare a purer day by personal watchfulness on the part of those who now bear the vessels of the Lord and preach the cross to the world. Fearful temptations—fearful for their insidiousness—beset them in every community, especially those of them whom youth makes pliant, or who are ambitious, or companionable, or excitable by nature. It is so easy to see in popularity, in favor, in flattering attentions, omens of success for one's work and the increase of the kingdom! A young clergyman who finds himself growing intimate with worldly families, on very free terms with men of genial habits and generous temper who say pleasant things to him, take him to ride, compliment his sermons, and delicately convey to him the compliments of others, smoke and jest with him in his study, and yet are such men that, for aught he knows, they may be, when out of his sight, on terms just as familiar with company that God's law condemns, is in a snare, and he cannot too soon wrench himself away from that snare. An atmosphere is forming itself about him which will take manhood from his ministry, godliness from the springs of his life, fearlessness from his rebukes of iniquity, and power from his example. Meshes are getting woven about him which will silently and secretly abridge his spiritual influence and humble his independence. Vigilance against all these approaches, however plausible or agreeable, will do much to open the way for holier standards of ecclesiastical policy, and to make public reformations more practicable than they are.—Bishop Huntington.

The Fountain of Joy, became a Man of Sorrows; and the Lord of Glory was covered with shame: and why? Amazing mystery!—that we might be raised to happiness and glory.

Faith, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side, and bend to every necessity of our brethren.—Luther.

Family Reading.

THE SILVER KEY IS LOST.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

One gate of pearl that opened to the soul
Of our dear child is shut.
The key is lost; she cannot even hear
The anguished cry I put
Up to the Father, that His dear hand may
Open the door that shuts all sound away.

She only watches me and tries to frame
The few sweet words of speech
She learned before the silent angel came;
As one might blindly reach
For silver coin, that glint and slide away,
She lost bright coin of speech from day to day.

The temple that God made is very still;
Our child can hear no sound.
She does not brighten at our evening hymn;
No half-shut rose is found
To open in her cheek with sudden start,
When words are read that should touch any heart.

I do not know this secret of the Lord's;
The anguish is so new.
I have not learned to say, "God's will be done;"
And yet it must be true
That He, in loving mercy, shut the door
Of sound to that young soul forevermore.

Forever must I say, "My little child,
Come, lean upon my knee,
And trust me till I learn thro' mother love
How tender God must be."
I have not said, as yet, "His will be done."
Teach me unquestioning faith, my little one.

I try the wards from which God's master-hand
Hath taken the true key;
And when those eyes are lifted to mine own,
It almost seems to me
That thou canst read my face and catch my tone,
That soul can speak to soul; and then, my own.

The bitterness is gone that kept my soul
From trusting God in this,
The sorrow of my life. O! sweet, dumb child;
It may be I would miss
The strange, sweet tenderness that came to me
When first I learned how still thy life would be.

It lies like dew on the deep-hearted rose,
And, if I keep away
This tenderness, it may be at the last
My quivering lip can say
That it was best for others I should feel
This anguish pierce my soul like the sharp steel.

—Selected.

WASTED LIVES.

Our street corners witness to no more deplorable fact than that there are so many wasted lives. One can see illustrations of it almost any time—leaning against lamp-posts, sitting upon the curbstones, dozing indolently in the Summer's sun, or shivering lazily in the Winter's cold. These are outside of the great multitude of baffled lives. These latter have met obstacles that they could not surmount. They have struggled with untoward circumstances until will and courage and hope had all forsaken them, and then they have sat down in despair, baffled by a fate they could by no means control.

But these thousands on the streets have wasted their lives, nothing more nor less. Instead of being overcome by an adverse fortune, they have simply yielded without a struggle. Instead of meeting a foe to whom they gave battle and then came off conquered, but bearing credible scars, they have fought no fight at all, but have simply sat down in idleness, allowing every capability to waste itself in inaction.

Who that walks the streets of almost any large city has not noticed and reflected upon these very wasted lives? Why is that man in his own store, directing its profitable business, and that other one in rags and filth begging of him enough for a meal? They were both reared in the same town; their fathers' farms joined each other, and they had an apparently equal start in life. But after twenty years these are their conditions.

Or why does this other person own that block of buildings, and these horses and carriages, with a fine residence in the country, while his former seat-mate in school has no covering but the alms house or the prison? How came that man in Congress and his neighbor's son in the penitentiary? or this one an honored clergyman and his old acquaintance a hunted vagabond.

That man who was just driven past in an elegant carriage and by a liveried driver, began life as a peddler with a capital of ten cents. This one whom the police are assisting to the station, to be brought up in the morning and sentenced as an old offender, started at about the same time as a "gentleman," with a capital of ten thousand.

It isn't pleasant to multiply these cases. They are too painful to contemplate. Almost any of us can sit down to-night after our work is done and count up all the way from five to fifty of them. They can point us to no calamity that overtook them, nor to any partial providence that favored their neighbors. The precious legacy which God gave them in common with all His children, they have deliberately squandered. It might have won them prominence, or at least have made them useful. On the

contrary, it has been inexcusably forfeited, and nobody, not even themselves, is a degree better for their living.

Do we ever think of this when we pass these street idlers? It is not as though they were stricken down in a night, and we were to be shocked in the morning by the fragments of a life that we left in its integrity the night before. Thousands indeed are thus ruined, but it is by a terribly slow and insidious process that the most of them are brought down. Their own secret lusts and passions and appetites are clamoring by day as well as by night. One by one the ornaments of a noble life are to be given up to appease their demands. Virtue, integrity, continence, truth, follow each other in fatal succession, and after a little while we behold the empty vessel with its treasures all gone.

We might reasonably expect it in the city, with its manifold temptations and numerous avenues to ruin. But out in the country, where there are simple habits and a quiet life, where industry is supposed to occupy the hands and all the surroundings to develop a vigorous and thoughtful mind—even there the tooth of the moth lays hold, and before many years the whole moral nature is eaten through and through. Else why should the inmates of so many insane asylums come from these country homes—not the hereditary insane, but those of the feeble-minded sort; or why should the confessions of so many criminals state that they were born in such or such a New England town, but disobeyed their parents, neglected the Sunday-school, and finally ran away from home; or why should it be said of so many city defaulters and forgers and fugitives from justice that their first years were spent in such or such a country town? The destroyer is in every place, where there is a human heart with its passions, and there it is that lives are steadily wasting away, just as beautiful flowers are destroyed by the miasma of swamps.

Why is it that so much life power is allowed thus to waste itself? Do parents fail to do their duty, or is the church remiss in its work? We are not our brother's keeper to such an extent that we are to bring him in saved at last, whether he will come or not. The knowledge of good and evil is our common heritage. "But now have they no cloak for their sin." And is this terrible sentence to increase the final despair of these wasted lives?—*S. Western Presbyterian.*

"NEVERTHELESS."

Be sure and put this word after all your prayers. We are apt to pray thoughtfully as to our wants, but thoughtlessly as to God's intentions. The pressure of our necessities makes us imperious. Our prayers are full of unconscious dictation. We map out the Divine duty; we dig channels through which He is commanded to flow. We give direction even to the Infinite Director. This is wild praying. This is piety run to license. This is the height of self-assertion. When you are in trouble, pray. When you have some heavy cross to bear, so heavy that you shrink from the bearing, pray. When some cup is pressed to your lips, of such bitterness that your soul shudders and shrinks at the thought of drinking it, pray. But after you have prayed; when the cry of agonized entreaty has gone out of you, and risen like a wail, into heaven, add *nevertheless*. "If it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

SHE COULD BE TRUSTED.

BY M. THIERS.

"I can trust my little daughter; I know she tells me every thing," said the mother, holding up the bright, gentle face, and looking down at it fondly.

"Yes, mamma," was on the little girl's lips, but her eyes dropped suddenly, and her cheeks were crimsoned in a moment. A kiss on the pretty lips, and the mother was turning away.

"Mamma," said the little husky voice, "let me whisper in your ear. Mamma, you trust me—I must tell you everything," and her voice was so low that only the mother heard it. As she bent over to catch the hurried words, she felt the little heart fluttering under her fingers, she saw the face flush and pale; she knew, too, by the quiver of the lips, the struggle of the moment.

She would have kissed the lips, the face, and hushed the heart; she would have stopped the trying story, but she knew that a fault confessed was a fault half-conquered, and so waited to the end.

It was a strange, new thoughtlessness the little girl recounted, of a sad step aside from the narrow path of right. She knew better. She had been more than half unhappy on account of it for several days, especially as she could not gather courage to confess it—only the words of trust brought about that con-

fession. Could she say, "Yes, mamma," knowing that at that very moment she was covering a little corner of the heart where she had hidden a fault she wished no eyes to see?

The mother, sorry for the child's trial, yet glad of her victory for right, was still sad in thinking of the fault. It was such a new, unsuspected fault. Other children might have done the same thing—other children might have done worse—but her own fair-faced child! she could have wept before her as she stood both in gladness and in sorrow—sorrow for the fault; gladness, that she was too true to receive praise unworthily, too strong for the right to allow the hardness of the confession to overcome her.

She stooped and folded her in her arms, saying: "Kiss me, Kathrina; your fault would break my heart, but that I believe this hour you have conquered; you have done well—now I know, better than I knew before, that I can trust my little daughter."—*Ex.*

EXAGGERATIONS.

One morning, as we sat at our breakfast table, the conversation turned on strict truthfulness of statement, and as the discussion grew more and more lively, it was finally proposed by one member of the family that we should all pledge ourselves to the sternest veracity of speech for that day, and see what would come of it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously, and as a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who had suggested it, "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to her compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago." Presently another one remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life." An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly, with, "O, I don't mean that, of course; I've been much colder many times, and I don't think it was so cold, after all."

A third remark to the effect that, "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled, as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain instead of excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth. One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new rule. More and more we realized the unconscious exaggeration of our daily speech, and the distance between it and truth, and each one acknowledged at the close of the day that the lesson had been salutary as well as startling.

Such a day may be of service in more ways than one, since it enforces good humor as well as strict truthfulness.—*Intelligencer.*

"SACRED MONEY"

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of setting apart at least one tenth of all the money which came into their hands and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they invented the expression, "Sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.

A PERSIAN BATH.

Having undressed, you enter a room perfumed with rose essence. It is handsomely decorated, the floor and walls being of white marble, inlaid with black arabesques. Inserted into the walls on both sides are large marble tanks filled with water, of perhaps one hundred and ten degrees. Three stout Mohammedans now take you in charge, pouring water from large chatties over your head and body, placing you in a comfortable chair and bringing you a glass of water to drink. After a few minutes' rest your feet and hands are rubbed with a piece of burned brick, very much rougher than sand paper. Then, being laid backward upon the floor at full length, the shampooing begins. This is performed by one man, who pulls and kneads and twists and stretches and pounds you into various devices of his own conception, and finally puts you together into a shape which you feel to be but a vague approximation to that you originally possessed. Then come soaping and scrub-

bing, differing from those given in the Turkish or Russian bath, the operator wearing mittens of coarse twined stitched cloth, while attendants drench you with hot water from small-spouted metal pitchers, producing a singular but not disagreeable titillation. A barber then entering, you are shaved in true Hindoo fashion sitting cross legged. Your hair is then dressed with a rich, gloss-producing compound, named basin, which surpasses most western pomades, and consists mainly of pulverized orange peel and flour made from peas. The bath finishes with rinsing and drying, the smoking of a pipe, and the sipping of a small cup of coffee. Everything is so deliberate that the time occupied is two hours; but on the whole the Persian does not equal the Turkish or even the Russian bath, nor is the shampooing so exhilarating or soothing; and in no bath that I know of are the rubbing and percussion processes at all comparable to the Hawaiian lomi-lomi.—*Through and Through the Tropics.*

MOTHER AND CHILD.

I—BABY.

Dimpled and flushed and dewy-pink he lies,
Crumpled and tost and lapt in snowy bands,
Aimlessly reaching with his tiny hands,
Lifting in wondering gaze his great blue eyes:
Sweet, pouting lips, parted by breathing sighs,
Soft cheeks, warm-tinted as from tropic lands,
Framed with brown hair in shining silken strands,—
All fair, all pure, a sunbeam from the skies:
O perfect innocence! O soul enshrined
In blissful ignorance of good or ill,
By never gale of idle passion crossed;
Although thou art no alien from thy kind,
Though pain and death may take thee captive still,
Through sin, at least, thine Eden is not lost.

II—MOTHER.

Across her snowy couch she drooping lies,—
A languor on her limbs that seems a grace,
A sacred pallor on her lily face,
A blessed light reflected in her eyes.
She knows who drew her strength, and would not rise:
Forgetting self, she rests a little space,
Sees her warm life-blood mantle in his face,
And strains her ear to catch his wailing cries.
O wondrous mother-love! how strange, and deep
With what vibrating thrill of tenderness!
To give the glove, and lie a pallid flower,—
To give the light, and smile, and wait to weep!
Sweet is thine infant's warm unconsciousness,
But sweeter thy mysterious, sacred power.

—*Elaine Goodale.*

HOW TO FIND HIM.

In the narrative of the days that followed the first Easter there is suggestive food for our thought in the week that follows our Easter. If we have, indeed, realized that our Christ is a living not a dead Christ, and is to be found not in the tomb, but on the street, in the garden, and by the road-side, we have learned the first lesson of Easter. If we learn to look for Him, in the spirit of those first disciples, we shall learn its second lesson.

To whom did He reveal Himself in the forty days after His resurrection?

To weeping Mary; to her who could not bear the thought of a Christless life; to her who was heart-broken at the thought of His departure. To the soul that cannot live without Christ, Christ comes with comfort.

To the eleven met in the upper chamber to talk of all that He had been to them, and all that they had hoped from Him. To the soul that rejoices in Christian fellowship, Christ comes bringing His own ineffable companionship.

To Thomas, skeptical Thomas; yes! skeptical, but a reluctant skeptic; who loved, but could not hope nor believe. To him whose prayer is, Help mine unbelief, He comes to extort, by the vehemence of His love, the cry, My Lord and my God.

To the disciples walking to Emmaus, talking of Christ and the hope which they had buried with Him, and inviting to share their humble hospitality the stranger whom unawares they entertained. The disciple that welcomes the stranger for Christ's sake, finds Christ in the stranger, when he least looks for Him.

To the fishermen, returned to their avocation, and toiling industriously at that most prosaic of pursuits, a fisherman's, he came unheralded, standing by the sea-shore and providing fire for the wet and food for the half famished. Honorable industry is sometimes a prayer that summons Christ more quickly than chant of choir, or intoned intercession of priest, or fragrant incense.

When we least look for Christ He looks for us; where we least look for Him He sometimes finds us. He delights in the surprises of love. Look for Him with Mary in tears at absence, or with the ten in fellowship in His name, or with Thomas in sorrow of doubt, or with the two unknown disciples in Christian hospitality, or with the fishermen in hard work. And where you least expect Him there you may soonest see Him.

Say not in thine heart, who shall

ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above)—as though He were a Saviour afar off: or who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead)—as though He were to be found in the past. But what saith it? "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart."—*Christian Union.*

Those who are intended to do any eminent service for God are always emptied of self, and led to see their unfitness for the undertaking; then they trust simply on God's wisdom and power, and He gets all the glory.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

IMPURE RAIN WATER.—It is worthy of notice that two ounces of borax will clear a twenty barrel cistern of rain water that has become impure. In a few hours the sediment will settle and the water be quite clear for washing purposes.

RECIPE FOR COLOGNE.—One drachm each of oil of lavender, oil of lemon, oil of rosemary, and oil of cinnamon; add two drachms of oil of bergamot; mix and add a pint of alcohol.

WHEN WET BOOTS are taken off fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the least vestige of it from the wet leather. As it quickly and completely takes up the moisture, it swells and fills the boot with a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good and drying the leather without hardening it.

STUFFED BEEF STEAK.—Take a "round steak," weighing six or eight pounds, spread it out on the meat board and pound carefully with the "steak tenderer." Make a stuffing thus: Take bread crumbs from the centre of a loaf and rub fine. Put a cup of butter into a frying pan, and when hot add two medium-sized onions, minced quite fine, and fry until soft, putting in a tablespoonful of water, if there is danger of scorching; add these to the crumbs, with a handful of salt, and saltspoonful of nutmeg, making about one pound of stuffing. Spread it over the meat, and commencing at one end roll it into an oblong scroll, binding together with strips of new muslin about half an inch wide. Put some bits of butter in the bottom of a baking-pan with a pint of water, and place in a moderate oven for one hour. Place in an oval platter, and garnish with balls of mashed potatoes, browned in an oven. Stir the gravy over the fire, adding water until of a proper consistency. This will be found the most delicious mode of cooking a tough steak. Serve either hot or cold, as desired.

COOKING WILD DUCKS.—I wash and carefully cleanse the ducks, and wipe dry, leaving the feet on, of course, but always removing the head, for to me the head of so large a bird as a duck looks repulsive at the table. Much depends upon having kept your ducks just the right length of time. I am glad to say that the fashion of eating tainted meat or game is fast becoming obsolete; but there is a happy medium in all things, and ducks should be allowed to hang till tender. Now pour into a soup plate a cupful of port wine; add a pinch of salt and a good dust of cayenne pepper. For each duck have ready a large, thick slice of bread, with the crust removed. Dip quickly into the seasoned wine, and then place in the body of the duck. This stuffing, of course, is not eaten or helped with the duck; but the wine and seasoning ooze through and pervade the whole body of the bird. Now truss back the wings neatly, cross the feet, and with skewers and cord fasten the birds firmly and surely into proper shape. If they are little butter ducks, forty minutes will cook them; if larger fifty minutes, and if very large, fat black ducks, an hour will be right. Ours to-day were black ducks. I put them in as small a pan as would hold them, so that I would not have to put water enough to make the gravy poor—about a coffee-cupful is sufficient. I had a fine brisk fire, and kept them well basted. When the ducks are dished they should be of a rich, beautiful brown, but yet on piercing the breast with a fork, the juice ought to flow red. An overdone wild duck is unfit to eat. Quickly return the ducks to the oven. Put the pan they were cooked in on top of the stove so the gravy will boil. Now dredge in a little more flour, add a trifle more salt, ever so little cayenne pepper (being careful that none falls on the stove), a dessert-spoonful of currant or grape jelly and half a teaspoonful of good port wine. Boil up once or twice, then strain into a hot tureen and send to the table as quick as possible, with plates nearly red hot. Have currant or grape jelly on table, and after your gentlemen friends have eaten, ask them for anything, even to the half of their kingdom, and they will say yes.—*Miss Dodd.*

Miscellaneous.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and things,
And cricket bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings,
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train,
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sigh of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not that his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
But the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour,
As we drove back through the town.

—Episcopalian.

THE SAILING FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Having had, during several long voyages on the Pacific, considerable opportunities for observing closely the sailing flight of birds, and especially of *Diomedea Melanophrys*, or "Mutton Bird," as I believe it is called by the Australians, a few suggestions on the subject may perhaps not be uninteresting to our readers. This bird differs considerably in size from the albatross of the Cape, but as the principles of its flight are the same, the few suggestions I wish to make will apply with equal force to both species, and indeed to all the sailing birds. The *Diomedea* of the Cape, it is well known, can support itself in the air for a very long time without flapping its wings, and in *The Reign of Law* it is stated that "sometimes for a whole hour together this splendid bird will sail or wheel round a ship in every possible variety of direction without requiring a stroke of its pinions." This may be accurately true, but in the case of the smaller albatross I refer to, about two minutes, or perhaps two thousand years in space, is more approximately the limit to which the bird's power of sailing is exercised. When the flight begins after rest the bird appears to find very considerable difficulty in rising from the sea. It runs along the surface for some distance, flaps its wings very vigorously, and continues to do this after it has left the water until it acquires a satisfactory velocity. Its subsequent sailing flight until it again increases its speed by flapping I would suggest to be merely a utilization of this original *vis viva* to the utmost possible advantage, the ascending and descending movements of the bird being nothing more than a change from the actual to potential energy, and *vice versa*. Suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that the wind is dead ahead, and the bird commences sailing horizontally with a certain *vis viva*. With this, by fixing its wings so as to present inclined planes to the direction of the wind, it is able to rise to a certain height, the velocity decreasing in some degree to the ascent, and if the highest point capable of being reached is attained the bird for the instant comes to rest; up to this moment the actual energy has been gradually changing into potential, and the bird gaining thereby a position of advantage. It is, however, extremely rare that this position is attained; most frequently the horizontal velocity is only partially destroyed. The planes of the wings being now changed with reference to the direction of the wind, the bird begins to descend; the potential energy is transformed into actual, and velocity is acquired to be again changed into potential, and so on until it becomes necessary to renew it. The line of flight, therefore, of an albatross going directly against the wind consists of a series of undulations, the summits of which correspond to the instants of least relative velocities, or positions of greatest potential advantage, while the lowest points correspond to the instants of the greatest relative velocity and potential advantage. During all this time *vis viva* is of course being extracted by the resistance of the wind, and the velocity after awhile is so diminished that the bird loses its power of rising to a satisfactory position of advantage. It is then flapping recommences and new power of flight is acquired. When it is remembered that the weight of a Cape albatross varies from sixteen to twenty pounds, and the stretch of wings from ten to twelve feet, it will be evident how great is the potential energy of such a bird at the height of 100 feet, and also how complete is its power of utilizing that energy. The question may be asked, how long will it be before 2,000 foot-pounds of work have been extracted by air moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour? For

until it has been extracted, or nearly so, the sailing flight of the albatross need not cease. By means of a suitable mechanism for changing the inclination of the wing planes every few seconds, the sailing of the albatross, I believe, might be stimulated without great difficulty. It is generally supposed, that the stronger the wind the greater is the power of sailing flight. In the special instance referred to, viz., that of sailing directly in the teeth of the wind, this is not the case. A good breeze is evidently better than either a very strong wind or a calm. In one case, a too great resistance destroys the *vis viva* too rapidly; in the other the bird suffers from a want of sufficient resistance, very much as a kite does during a calm. In sailing in any other direction a violent wind may more or less aid the flight, and the velocity attained in some instances be enormous and very deceptive. It is this element, viz., the velocity acquired by sailing obliquely with the wind, that is so difficult for the eye to eliminate in estimating the actual power of a bird to sail against the wind. In flying with the wind, the resistance to the stroke being greater, the necessary speed may be more rapidly acquired, and with fewer strokes, provided the bird has the requisite strength. But, as might be naturally supposed, sailing directly with the wind for any considerable distance is rarely or ever seen, the bird not finding sufficient resistance in the air for its support.—*Nature*.

THE SPEAKER OF THE COMMONS.

The Speaker of the English House of Commons has a hard life. He must always be present from the beginning to the close of its sessions, and as these begin late in the afternoon, and sometimes last till morning, his constitution needs to be of the strongest to endure the fatigue. He must keep the house in order, and compel the observance of all rules, which is no easy task in times of political excitement. After his election to this important post, he is expected to lay aside his party preferences, and maintain the most rigid impartiality. He does not allow the reading of speeches, but calls to order any member who attempts to read from a manuscript. During a vote, the House is emptied, those voting "Aye," passing into a lobby on the right of the Speaker, and those voting "No," into a lobby on the left. Everybody in the House at the time of voting must vote. The Speaker holds his office during an entire Parliament, which lasts seven years, unless sooner dissolved by the Queen. For his hard service he receives the generous compensation of \$25,000 per year and a furnished house. When his term of office expires, he is promoted to the peerage, which gives him a seat in the House of Lords, a reward which an ordinary man could hardly be blamed for coveting.

THE ENGLISH EMPIRE.

Probably there are many persons who do not realize what an immense empire the empire of England is. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with an area of 122,518 square miles, and a population, in 1871, of 31,860,711, bears the relation to its colonies and foreign possessions of the nucleus of a comet to its train.

In Europe, outside of the United Kingdom, Englishmen hold Gibraltar, Malta, Gozo—an island four miles from Malta, and Heligoland—an island in the North Sea, that is being gradually reduced to a sand-bank. In Asia there is British India, with an area of 956,436 square miles, and a population, in 1872, of 191,307,070. The first detachment of British regulars landed in India in 1662, and the exploits of the English army in that country make one of the most brilliant chapters of modern history. England holds Aden, a peninsula and town at the southern extremity of the Red Sea, the Gibraltar of those waters. Ceylon was wrested from the Dutch. Hong Kong, an island one hundred miles southeast of Canton, was ceded by the Chinese. And there are the British settlements along the straits of Malacca. In Africa the English hold the Cape of Good Hope, which they took from the Dutch, and Natal, where the Zulus converted Bishop Colenso. To this immense territory in South Africa recent additions have been made, and war is going on there now. They have a settlement at Guinea, the "gold coast," as it is called, to the north of which is the negro kingdom of Ashantee and its capital, Coomassie, where Sir Garnet Wolseley distinguished himself a few years ago. Farther north, on the western coast of Africa, is Sierra Leone; this was established to be the English Liberia, and north of Sierra Leone is Gambia. The English hold Mauritius, taken from the French; the Island of St. Helena, which was selected as the place of Napoleon's captivity, on account of its

loneliness and the difficult nature of its coast; and the Island of the Ascension, the nearest land to St. Helena. In North America the English possessions are Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, New Foundland and Labrador, Prince Edward's Island, British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, and that archipelago of about 500 little islands—only about 12,000 acres in all—the Bermudas. The Dominion of Canada has an area of 376,988 square miles, and, in 1871, it had a population of 3,485,988. British Columbia has an area of about 350,000 square miles. The Bermudas, equidistant between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, are an important connecting link between the British possessions to the north and south. On the continent of South America, England's only possession is British Guiana, on the northeastern coast, taken from the Dutch. The Falkland Islands, north-east of Cape Horn, belong to England. Of the West India Islands, England occupies the Bahamas, Columbus' earliest discovery, and many of the Antilles. We have yet to mention Australia, which is of that size that it is doubtful whether it ought to be called a continent or an island, and the neighboring islands of New Zealand and Tasmania.

England's most recent acquisition is the island of Cyprus, the result of Lord Beaconsfield's brilliant diplomacy. The island was ceded in the interests of an offensive alliance between England and Turkey. England is to see that Russia makes no further encroachments on Asiatic Turkey from the base of its recent acquisitions.

Selections.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

We live no more of our time than we spend well.—*Carlyle*.

Oh, how little a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.—*Shakespeare*.

It is better to be saved in a storm than to be lost in a calm.

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.—*Pascal*.

If ever I should effect injustice, it would be in this, that I might do courtesies and receive none.—*Celtham*.

All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affection to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests.—*Hawthorne*.

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the light of heaven.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

The unbeliever is he who deliberately declines to speak what he thinks, or to trust humanity with what helpful truth has been intrusted to himself.—*Samuel Johnson*.

Platter not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor, if thou wantest faith in God—when they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness; Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;

Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace; Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

My hope, my strength, my happiness I find, In Thee, O blessed Saviour, all combined!

The path we tread may take our feet
Mid flowers by cooling streams;
The coming years may give us back
The sweetness of our dreams;
But if the golden fancies fade,
And gathers dark the night,
The fiery pillar of His love
Shall lend its guiding light.

Science and Art.

It is proposed to erect a statue of William Tyndale, the first English translator of the Bible, on the Thames embankment, in London.

Mr. Millais's picture, "The Order of Release," was sold the other day in London for \$14,175. He painted it twenty-five years ago for \$2,000.

An observatory is to be erected on Mount Etna this summer. The *Athenaeum* states that a site has been selected 9652 feet above the level of the sea, where there is now an oblong building, originally occupied by the English when occupying Sicily in 1811, and repaired, after having fallen into decay, when the present King of Italy visited the locality in 1862. Both astronomical and meteorological, as well as seismological, observations are to be carried on at this new observatory, which will be the property of the University of Catania.

SAGACITY OF ANIMALS OVERSTATED.—It is next to impossible to shake the public confidence in the value of the observations of the lower creation. We know that our barn-door fowls will with infinite composure retire to rest at 10 o'clock in the morning in case of an eclipse, yet that knowledge does not prevent the public from assuming the possessing by birds of mysterious sources of information on the subject of weather which are sealed to us. Dogs are supposed to have some intuition which warns them of approaching death, and many a heart has been tortured by accepting as a forewarning of dissolution a dog's complaint against the moon for unreasonable brightness. The fact is that animals in general are far less wise than we think them, even in the matters that come directly under their ken. Observations of phenomena on the part of a man who, by noticing the influence of changing condition upon various objects, ani-

mate and inanimate, becomes weatherwise, are far more trustworthy than that kind of feeling, which, like pain in an old wound, warns birds or animals of the approach of the wet. Although curious it is, indeed, to see how far animals are from possessing the kind of knowledge we are most ready to assign them, that of things they may eat with impunity. Quite recently Lord Lovelace underwent a serious loss in consequence of a herd of cows eating some ewe-clippings, indiscreetly placed within their reach. Cattle continually mistake the kind of food that will suit them, especially when they are strange to the district in which it grows. After a time they will find its noxious qualities, and are, it appears, able to transmit the knowledge to their descendants.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Personal.

The Czar, it is reported, has been made extremely nervous by the recent attack upon his life. He showed anxiety at the St. Petersburg railway station on his way to Livadia, and on reaching the carriage, asked for a stimulant. He also summoned the manager of the road to the window, and promised him a decoration if no mishap occurred during his journey south. One of the compartments of the train was filled with gendarmes, and all the imperial servants carried revolvers.

Joseph Neshima is a Japanese evangelist who is doing a great work in his native land. When he was a boy he found two tracts, one on America, the other on Christianity. After reading these he was filled with the desire to come to this country and become a Christian. This was at a period when any native caught leaving Japan was put to death. The Japanese boy, undeterred by the danger, secreted himself on a vessel and escaped to China, and from thence to Boston. He was educated at Amherst College, and on his return to his native land was offered a lucrative position as interpreter. This he declined in order to preach the Gospel. He has now fifty preaching places, three churches and eighty-four students in college, half of whom are studying for the ministry.

The most prominent man in the political life of Great Britain to-day is the Earl of Beaconsfield. The most prominent Englishman in religious circles is Cardinal Newman. Few would think of connecting the two, as is done in this pleasant bit of gossip from the *Hornet*, an English journal: "On most Saturday afternoons in the last year of the first decade of the present century, two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the grounds of Bloomsbury Square, London. The boys, both natives of the square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long, black, glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanor, wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which, in young people, is called 'old-fashioned.' He was of pure English race and Puritanical family. The names of the children denoted these differences. The one was Benjamin D'Israeli; the other John Newman. Sixty-eight years have passed since then, and much has happened in the meantime, but nothing more wonderful than that the handsome little Jew boy should become a Christian and Prime Minister of Protestant England, and the Puritan lad a Catholic and a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church."

Books and Periodicals.

MY DESIRE.—By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, 1879. Pp. 629. Price \$1.75. For sale by Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

The author, in a brief prefatory note, informs the reader, that the great points of the history, the whole frame-work of facts embodied in the present work, are life work and not fancy. Life-work lived through so long ago, that there is nobody now to be hurt by the telling. This explanation will certainly tend to add interest to the work, in the view of every intelligent reader.

Those who have any knowledge of Miss Warner's productions, will naturally expect to find something in the present one unusually attractive and profitable; and in this expectation, if our judgment be worth anything, they will not be disappointed. The style of the work is truly graceful. Its moral and strictly religious tone commend it to still greater favor. We have brought out in it the most explicit and impressive terms, the varied forms in which religious life develops itself in the midst of the diversity of character distinguishing those who profess Christianity, but in every instance, those forms of it, which are in full keeping with the pure original, are always so preserved as not to fail to leave their favorable impress upon the mind and heart of the unsophisticated reader.

Of course, we have the usual love element generally found occupying a conspicuous place in all the popular works of the day, pervading its pages. It does not, however, wear any such extravagant form, as to make it nauseous or repulsive, even to the most refined taste. Many valuable life lessons, as well as much earnest religious truth, can be learned from the perusal of these fascinating pages, and it is in view of this fact especially, we feel free in earnestly commending the work to public favor, as one of the best of its kind, almost daily issuing from the press.

F.

WALKS TO EMMAUS.—By the late Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Edited by his son, Rev. William H. Adams. First series. January-February. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. pp. 360. Price \$1.

This work is a concession to the propriety of the "Christian Year," as is evident from the fact that it seeks to bring out subjects historically, although not confined to the liturgy of any single denomination. The subjects treated are not based on the incidents that occurred as the disciples went to Emmaus, but include topics of interest for ordinary pastoral use or for the needs of the religious reader. Dr. Adams' reputation is the pledge that his work was ably performed, and it will not suffer in the hands of his son.

THE WREATHED CROSS: and other poems, aesthetic and religious. By Rev. D. Y. Heisler, A. M., author of "The Fathers of the German Reformed Church," and "Life Pictures of the Prodigal Son." Easton, Pa.: Free Press Steam Publishing House, 1879. Pp. 195.

It will be seen from the above, that Rev. D. Y. Heisler has collected his poems, and now sends them forth under a permanent form. The volume before us is very neat indeed. It is printed on excellent paper, bound in green and gold, and reflects great credit upon the office from which it is issued. The work is dedicated to Prof. W. M. Nevins, and all who know anything about it, will say that there is no one more worthy of the tribute paid to him by his old pupil. Our own idea of poetry is very high, and generally tempts us to under rate rather than over value what may be presented in the form of verse; but we think that more than ordinary merit may be conceded to what our author has just laid before us. The sentiment is decidedly Christian, and we are impressed with the large number of simple Saxon words employed. The book will do good. It is for sale at our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St., Phila. Price \$1, post-paid.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 1823, May 24, 1879. CONTENTS:—"William Cobbett," *Edinburgh Review*; "Sarah de Berenger," by Jean Ingelow, Part V., *Advance Sheets*; "Mauritius," *Fraser's Magazine*; "The Distracted Young Preacher," by Thomas Hardy, *New Quarterly Review*; POETRY: "John A. Dix," "Flow On, Flow On, Old Ocean's Daughters," "The Vine," "Yet Let Me Keep the Old Observances," "Through the Ages: A Legend of a Stone Axe." Published every Saturday by LITTELL & Co., Boston.

We have received from Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger a copy of "Dickens' Dictionary of London," 1879, published by MacMillan & Co., 22 Bond St., New York. This work is an "unconventional hand-book," full of information, said to be very accurate in its statements, and a vast help to those who visit the great city. Price 35 cents.

SOME CHANGES REQUIRED BY THE PRESENT STATUS OF MEDICINE. The annual address delivered before the Society of the Alumni of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, March 13, 1879, by Lewis H. Steiner, A. M., M. D., President of the American Academy of Medicine, etc. Phila.: Collins, Printer, 905 Jayne St. Pp. 40. In this address the author makes pertinent suggestions under the following heads: I. Suitable Preliminary Preparation for the Study of Medicine. II. The Duty of the Profession in regard to the employment of its Members as Experts in Legal Examinations. III. Compensation for Medical Services.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—This work is before us, and those who send five cents to JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y., for it will be disappointed. Instead of getting a cheap thing, as the price would seem to indicate, they will receive a very handsome work of 100 pages, and perhaps 500 illustrations—not cheap, but elegant illustrations, on the very best of colored paper, and as a set-off to the whole, an elegant Colored Plate, that we would judge cost twice the price of the book.

WIDE AWAKE FOR JUNE, 1879.—WIDE AWAKE FOR JUNE has a lovely frontispiece, "O Larks, Sing Out to the Thrushes," which illustrates "Little Mary's Secret," a sweet and simple little poem by Mrs. L. C. Whiton. Susan Fenimore Cooper follows with the story of "The Wonderful Cookie," which has three quaint pictures; while next in order comes one of Emma E. Brown's charming Boston papers, this time about "The Poor Children's Excursions and The Country Week," with eleven graphic illustrations drawn from life by Miss Humphrey. Walter Shirlaw, chief instructor at The Art Students' League, is the subject of No. VI. of S. G. W. Benjamin's "American Artists" series, accompanied by a portrait, a spirited engraving of Mr. Shirlaw's painting "Ye ho!" and a corner of the artist's studio drawn by himself. Mrs. Lillie gives us a short paper on "Oliver Goldsmith," and Maria Woodbridge has an out-of-doors story about "The Beech Woods Boys." "A Remarkable Journey," with its two fine engravings, will interest all the little girls; while all the big ones will enjoy the long witty poem, "What Grace is Going to Do." This poem is written by Rebecca Wheaton and illustrated by Miss Lathbury. There are also, for the enjoyment of the whole family, two humorous pictures, each worth the price of the magazine, "The Dancing Lesson" by J. G. Francis, and "The Tables Turned, in Four Scenes," a full-page, by Palmer Cox. In the serials, "The Dogberry Bunch" all get back home again; the young people in "St. Olave's" find their way out of the snow drift; and "Don Quixote, Jr.," valiantly protects his father's house from being "taken." There are large print stories, puzzles, little folks' letters, and music, and all for twenty cents.

Only \$2.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

SCRIBNER FOR JUNE.—The opening paper on "The Fine Arts at the Paris Exposition" has interesting illustrations, which include drawings made specially for the magazine by Vedder, the sculptor, St. Gaudens, Maitland Armstrong, C. C. Coleman, and T. Hovenden. Mr. Vedder's contribution is a drawing of his own much-praised and much-abused "Young Marryage."

The first of several papers on "Edison and his Inventions," by Mr. Edwin M. Fox, is devoted to the electro-magnet and its applications. This is perhaps the most complete account of this important invention, which involves the discovery of an entirely new property of electricity, viz., that of destroying friction, and which has lately been brought to such perfection in its application to telephic purposes, that transmission of the human voice is as accurate and clear as if the speakers were face to face.

A timely paper is Mr. C. G. Buel's "Piercing the American 'Jehans,' which appears simultaneously with the assembling in Paris of the proposed Congress of Engineers to select a route for the proposed Inter-oceanic Ship Canal. A first installment of "Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe" is contributed by Mr. E. L. Didier. These letters were written between the years 1805-33; they are connected by the theme of Mme. Bonaparte's aspirations for a royal marriage for her son, and give frequent glimpses of the Bonaparte family from behind the scenes. To say that they are characteristic of the writer is a sufficient voucher for their interest.

"Lawn Planting for City and Country" is the subject of a practical paper by Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., of Flushing, L. I., and contains reasonable and valuable suggestions from an expert nurseryman and landscape gardener.

"The Mediterranean of America" is the second of Mr. Herbert H. Smith's papers on Brazil. With Stonewall Jackson," by Mr. A. C. Redwood, is a spirited account of the Confederate side of the second Manassas campaign, in which the writer was a participant.

"The University of Berlin," by Professor H. H. Boyce of Cornell, is illustrated with portraits of some of the great men to which the institution owes its superiority.

"Some Aspects of Matthew Arnold's Poetry" are treated by Mr. George S. Merriam in a philosophical spirit, with frequent quotations from his author to sustain his conclusions.

The fiction of this number consists of "Mr. Neelus Peeler's Conditions," a story of the South by Mr. Richard M. Johnston, with an illustration by Mr. Thomas Eakins; "Was it Love, or Hatred?" a Western story by Mr. Charles de Kay; the concluding part of Miss Trafton's New England story, "A Narrow Street," and the eighth installment of Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's," illustrated by Dielman.

The poetry includes a notable classical poem entitled "Memnon," by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, an undergraduate who now makes his first appearance in the magazines; "Invocation" by Mr. Charles de Kay, and others by Mrs. Platt, and Messrs. W. F. Smyth and Irwin Russell.

In the departments, Dr. Holland discusses the usual variety of subjects.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE.—Has a seasonable frontispiece entitled "Summer has Come," and opens with "A Second Trial," a story by Sarah Winter Kellogg, showing how a devoted little girl saved her big brother's fame at a College Commencement.

Louisa M. Alcott tells two stories in one under the title "Two Little Travelers," describing first the voyage of a tender-hearted little girl to Fayal, and its results, and then the wonderful journey of a tiny five-year-old tot, all by herself, over four thousand miles of continent and ocean.

The other short tales deal with the queer doings of "Bossy Annasia," a Southern negro boy who loved curious pets; with some Pennsylvania country people and a wise pig at a "Schnitzens"; with "Robin Goodfellow and his friend Bluetree," in the days of Good Queen Bess; with "The Royal Bonbon," boy-soldiers of the terrible French Revolution; and with "A Comet that Struck the Earth"—and some boys—in the far West, years ago. The eight illustrations to these stories, particularly that to "The Royal Bonbon," which is by Walter Shirlaw, are specially attractive.

The two serials,—"A Jolly Fellowship," by Frank R. Stockton; and "Eyebright," by Susan Coolidge, with illustrations by James E. Kelly and Frederick Dielman, carry their young heroes and heroines through fresh scenes and lively adventures.

In "Longitude Naught" are described, with seven pictures, the Hospital and Observatory of Greenwich, England,—the place generally believed to have no longitude. Among other practical sketches are: an illustrated account of a curious "Fish that Catches Fish for its Master"; and a description of a man's escape from an ancient castle, in "A Curious Box of Books."

"Chub and Hoppergrass" is a funny terrier story with five pictures, and "How the Lambskins went South" is a ludicrous rhymed tale with a comical illustration by Hopkins.

Very small readers have a large type-story, with seven pictures, about "Two Little Mothers," and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." The "Letter-box" and "The Riddle-Box" contain things piquant, playful and puzzling for readers of all tastes and all ages.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
REV. T. J. BARKLEY,
REV. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1879.

ASCENSION DAY.

It may be true that the fasts and festivals of the Church have been brought into disrepute, not only by their multiplication, but by the way in which those of acknowledged importance have been observed. Carnivals may make the celebration even of our Lord's Passion and Death appear unseemly, if they claim the privilege of preceding the mysteries of Gethsemane and Golgotha with the giddy indulgence of dissipation. But this should not prevent us from the observance of the leading events in the Revelation of God, for us men and our salvation. Christmas, and Good Friday, and Easter, with the facts they commemorate, are not to be lost sight of, because the anniversaries of Saints, who have never found a place in the Calendar, have overlaid and overloaded the Church with ceremonies. On this account, Ascension Day and Pentecost which marked important events in the work of redemption, should be held in remembrance by all true disciples. The Ascension of our Lord, for instance, marking His going to His Father, to prepare a place for us, was a world-fact, as truly as was His Resurrection, and it behooves every Christian to consider it at this period of the Church Year.

WHAT IS KEPT OUT.

A few years' experience, and a great deal longer observation, has convinced us, that the merit of a religious paper consists largely in what is kept out of it. Those who have watched the gates of the secular press will fully appreciate what we mean by this. If they, through indifference, or considerations of private friendship, were to admit everything sent to them for publication, there would be an awful muss in less than a month's time. The journals would be filled with personal assaults, private grievances, and local items in which the public has no concern. That would be a very miserable subsidization of newspapers; as it would prostitute them to the discussion of the worst passions of men, and make them the arena on which private quarrels, family differences, and local issues, would be fought out, to the disgust of all catholic-hearted men.

But we make a wide distinction between papers of the Church and those of the world. In speaking of what goes into them, we have no reference to the quack advertisements and spring poetry common alas! to both. We dismiss these entire classes of contributors,—the first of which like death, has all times for its own, and the last of which should be accompanied by names "not necessary," as some one has said, "for publication," but as proof of insanity, in case the authors should afterwards commit murder.

Leaving all that undisputed territory out of question—putting it where every man's good judgment, independent of pecuniary gain and short-sighted regard for the feeling of friends, would leave it, there is yet a wide difference between papers, which are "up to the times" in giving news, and those whose mission it is to promote the Kingdom of Christ. We advise our readers to pick up any number of the leading dailies, read the headings, and then ask two questions, Firstly, as the preachers say: What would a News paper do without the information they contain, making all allowances for the sensational way of announcing the subjects; and, secondly, How would a religious paper look, if it contained all this world gossip? Evidently in these

days of telegraphs, if a mine explosion should occur in England, or a murder take place in Australia, papers which would not give full accounts of the catastrophes, within twenty-four hours, would be regarded as lacking in enterprise, and the journal more successful in its quick despatches, would reap a rich harvest. The appetites of men for a speedy knowledge of what is going on, is often morbid, and if not gratified by information from respectable, and well guarded sources of information, they will seek it from some other less conscientious quarter, and there are always those, who will cater to public taste, however depraved it may be. This is the reason why the best way to prevent the demoralizing influence of pernicious periodical literature is, to give them secular papers, whose character is a pledge against licentiousness. In this regard, daily periodicals are on the same level with popular amusements.

But it does not follow from this, that Church papers should be filled with accounts of murders, elopements and other outrages which come in clusters, and for weeks, make up the staple of "news." Accounts of such things may furnish "good reading," in the opinion of many, but their influence on the life of children and families may not be the best in the world. Moreover, there may be questions of fact and theology, the discussion of which, at times, would be exceedingly indiscreet. And above all, if these things, taking their start in the peculiarities or piques of men, would not tend to edification, but only engender strife, they should be omitted; for any question raised in the spirit of captiousness, is more apt to breed disturbance than to bring men to the truth. Let those, who at times, think it strange, that such articles are not published, bear this in mind.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

In our last week's issue, we briefly noticed the literary entertainment furnished by the Goethean Literary Society, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., in connection with the celebration of their forty-fourth anniversary. A similar entertainment was afforded on the following Friday evening by the Diogenes Literary Society, of the same institution, whose origin bears even date with that of the Goethean Literary Society. The following synopsis of the exercises on the occasion, we also prepare from the full report published in the "Lancaster Intelligencer."

The exercises were held in the Opera House. The hall, and especially the stage, was handsomely decorated. Excellent music was also discoursed at the opening and close, and at intervals during the performances, by Keffers' Orchestra. After prayer by the Rev. J. B. Shumaker, pastor of St. Paul's church, Lancaster, Pa., the prologue was delivered by O. R. Snyder, Delmont, Pa.. Orations were then delivered by C. E. Netscher, Bethlehem, Pa., on "Characteristics," and William Nevin Apple, Lancaster, Pa., on "Republicanism in France." A eulogy on "Louis Kossuth," by Frederick W. Biesecker, Jenner Cross Roads, Pa., followed. Two additional orations were then delivered, the one by J. J. Rothrock, Durham, Pa., on "The Spirit of Chivalry," and the other by W. F. Brown, Pleasant Grove, Pa., on "The Pleasures of Intellectual Culture." The anniversary oration by Rosh Leaman, Leaman Place, Pa., on "The Tyranny of Custom," brought the exercises to a close, after which the audience was dismissed with the benediction by the Rev. Dr. T. G. Apple, President of the College.

From the synopsis given of the different speeches, we infer, that they were marked by a more than ordinary degree of merit. The number of persons present was large, and the deepest interest was manifested in the exercises as they progressed. The usual floral tributes were on hand, and in other ways, demonstrations of approbation from the friends of the several speakers were freely and heartily given.

In making these notes of the anniversaries of these two literary societies, the

scenes connected with their origin, in which the writer was privileged to take an humble part, are vividly recalled to memory, and the fact that forty-four years have transpired since then, and we were at that time no mere boy, seems to impress us with a sense of growing years, though we are as yet conscious of but little diminution in bodily vigor or ardor of temperament. It is well, with the favoring concurrence of a beneficent Providence, to carry forward our youth into our manhood, and thus be enabled to contemplate with a more than usual degree of satisfaction, the momentous results that follow upon what once may have been regarded as apparently insignificant causes. Well-organized and efficient literary societies, such as those connected with Franklin and Marshall College, and for which feature they are largely indebted to the foundation laid at their commencement, are no mean factors in the education received at our higher institutions of learning, infusing into it, as they do, the practical element which gives to its possessor the immense power he is enabled to wield amongst his fellow-men. F.

THE JAPANESE STUDENT.

As our readers are aware, a young Japanese Christian, who has for some time resided in California, desires to prepare for the Christian ministry in the institutions at Lancaster, Pa., and efforts have been made, especially by the Rev. F. Fox, of Harrisburg, Pa., to obtain contributions for his use, from some friends to the mission cause. A letter from him to Mr. F. was published a short time ago, which was generally read with interest. Another has just been received, which we also here present to our readers, just in the same words and style in which it was written. Though his English is not very classic, his penmanship, it must be admitted, may justly be held up as a model. The letter will indicate the enthusiasm of the young man, and also serve, we trust, to elicit further contributions in his behalf, which may be sent to the Rev. F. Fox, Harrisburg Pa.

The following is an exact copy of the letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12th, '79.
REV. F. FOX:—Honored Sir:—It gave me a great pleasure when I try to write you a few lines. I have been tried to start for the East in every way, but it is almost difficult to do anything without the means. I had a letter from Rev. A. L. Brewer, principal of St. Matthew's Hall at San Mateo, to Mr. Williams, of Williams, Branchard & Co. P. M. S. S. He said would give me the work for passage to Panama from there to Aspinwall it cost \$25, and on other side cheaper, but it is cost about same as from here to New York.

Mr. Williams said, would reduced rates for me \$60. ticket to \$50, and I haven't enough money then.

Consequently, I determined to go to the East by the foot and asked Mr. Fuendeling about it twice, if he would give me the permission to start by foot, but he was not sufficient. My Dear Sir Now, Mr. Brewer raised me \$50, as Mr. Fuendeling's efforts, and I intend to start in a week. It will be most delightfully when I see you again in few weeks and tell you all about. Good bye—good bye.

Please give my regard to Miss May and tell her that I will bring some nice candies. Very soon—Very soon. Yours Very Truly,

H. MABATAKA YAMANAKA.

From the above it will be seen, that the young aspirant to the work of Missions, is full of earnestness and zeal, and that he will soon be found within the walls of the institutions at Lancaster, where he doubtless will meet with a most welcome reception. F.

THE REFORMATION JUBILEE IN GERMANY.

The seventh Semi-Centennial Jubilee of the Reformation closed at Spire, Germany, in April. The Protestants of that city proposed to their Christian brethren throughout the world, to commemorate the event by the erection of a memorial Church, and have appointed the Rev. Carl Weil, pastor of the Evangelical United Protestant Church, corner of Sixth Avenue and Smithfield street, Pittsburg, as their agent in this country. The proposal and the invitation to join in the proposed work, were presented to the "Evangelical Ministerial Association of Pittsburg," at a recent meeting, and fully endorsed. Mr. Weil was commended to our fellow-citizens, and the hope expressed that liberal contributions be made, both as a tribute to our common Protestantism and as an expression of interest in the cause of religion in a

country to which we are very closely allied.

Arrangements are now in progress looking to an organized effort to carry out the intention of this action; and as Mr. Weil has been appointed agent for this country, efforts will doubtless be made to collect money in all the towns and cities of our land.

We all honor the men who commenced and conducted to a successful issue, the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, and also had the nerve to protest against the innovations and corruptions of the Church of Rome. The places where they lived and worked for the emancipation of the Church from her spiritual bondage, possess a peculiar interest for every Christian heart. The cause which they espoused, and for which they lived, suffered persecution and died, cannot be regarded with indifference by any one. And, therefore, the proposal of the Protestants at Spire, to erect a memorial church on the spot where the protest of three hundred and fifty years ago was made, seems to commend itself to the hearty sympathy and aid of Christians generally, and especially to those who are of German origin and members of German Churches.

But while the project seems to commend itself to our sympathy and the invitation to aid in carrying it out to demand a favorable response, a few thoughts are suggested, which, we think, ought to be considered by our Protestant brethren in this country before the invitation is either accepted or rejected. Who are the Protestants at Spire who ask for aid to erect a memorial church? They belong to the Evangelical United Protestant Church of Germany. If, therefore, they are true to the principles of the Union by which the Lutheran and Reformed Churches were brought together, they have given up the distinctive points for which Luther and the other Reformers contended, and which gave the Reformation its peculiar character and force. Will a church, then, or anything else, in any true sense, be a memorial of the great principles enunciated three hundred and fifty years ago? Will it not stand as a monument to the glory of what is largely in opposition to the truth, on which the battles of the Reformation were fought? B.

A JAUNT TO THE CAPES.

In company with a genial friend, Col. W. B. Crooks, we made a flying visit to the sea-shore, the latter part of last week. Cape May and Cape May Point, reached over the West Jersey Railroad, whose facilities for transporting passengers, are in every way complete, were the salient points of our trip. At the former place, the interested parties are busily engaged in replacing the buildings burnt down during the past winter, by others superior and more substantial in their structure. As soon as the watering season shall open, Cape May will be prepared to entertain most comfortably, as large a number of visitors as has been accustomed at any season to frequent her delightful shores.

The greater portion of our time was given to Cape May Point, two miles northeast of Cape May. This watering-place is of more recent origin, and was formerly known as Sea Grove. It has been of rapid growth, and furnishes a quiet and most pleasant summer retreat. A railroad is in course of construction, from Cape May to Cape May Point, which it is expected to have completed by the opening of the approaching watering season. Visitors will hereafter be taken directly to the place by the iron horse, which will tend to throw around it additional attractions. At present the cottages are mostly closed. Only one hotel, the Cape May House, is open, at which we found most comfortable accommodations. Preparations, however, are being made for the entertainment of visitors, a large number of whom are expected.

Cape May Point is a delightful place. It is fanned by pleasant breezes from off the Sea and the Delaware Bay. We found them truly bracing and refreshing. Whilst there, we enjoyed the rare pleasure of seeing some seventy or eighty vessels passing out to sea in a continual

line, from the Delaware Break Water, on the opposite shore, where they had been detained by adverse winds during the previous day. Other exciting scenes, diversified in their nature, are also to be enjoyed there from time to time. Let all who can, in proper season, avail themselves of the pleasures and benefits to be enjoyed in the midst of such delightful surroundings. They will certainly prove most pleasing oases in their rugged pathway through life. F.

NOT ALL DARK.

Four boys were recently committed to the Eastern Penitentiary for burglary, in which they engaged immediately after a performance in a low theatre of this city, in order to get money to go the next night. This is sad; but then it is said, on the other hand, that at the Pimlico Races, near Baltimore, largely attended by United States Senators, nothing was done to call for a veto on the part of the President. The law-makers, at least, are safe from all imputations of wrong practices, and there is no danger of any kind of pooling that will affect the welfare of the people. After a while our American Congress will be up to the British Parliament, which always adjourns during "Derby Week."

In regard to betting, with its large losses, often made up by jobs and raids upon the public treasury, and defalcations, even in England, "the deponent saith not." But this is an age of "tendencies."

THE GUARDIAN.

The June number of this excellent monthly has promptly made its appearance. Our limited space will only allow us to say, that its contents furnish quite a variety of excellent miscellaneous reading matter, in addition to that which relates especially to the Sunday-school interest. The editor's pen has been busy, as usual, whilst his accepted correspondents, Dr. Van Horne, E. A. Gernant and Prof. W. M. Reilly, each, in their several spheres, add largely to the interest of the number. The "Guardian" surely not only deserves to live, but also to receive an amply sustaining patronage. F.

Notes and Quotes.

A pastor who spent all his time during the week in ministrations among those who suffered by the "hard times," recently found himself in straitened circumstances on Saturday night, and gently intimated to some of his people, that his own meal barrel was empty, but he was consoled by the tart reply, that they had enough to do to supply their own necessities. What was the main concern of their lives, had to be an incidental work with him, and it was thought strange that he should murmur at Providence. He has concluded to say nothing on the subject in future.

Prof. Patton, the retiring Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Saratoga, preached the opening sermon from the text: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among men" (John 1: 14). The discourse is published in full in the *New York Evangelist*, and makes the Person of Christ the foundation of Christianity—the fact from which His death, resurrection and ascension flow; and we have not yet heard, that this has been twisted into an argument against Christ "Crucified." This Christological principle, rather than any mere doctrinal theories, Dr. Patton thinks, is the only ground upon which we can stand against the hosts of infidelity.

A bill has been introduced in the St. Louis Common Council, of St. Louis, making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine, to ring "bells on churches, schools, factories or anywhere that the noise will disturb the people." We do not know when this refinement will reach towns, and villages and hamlets, but the sound of the "church-going-bell," for which "Selkirk" sighed, and which many a Christian loves, may, in time to come, be no longer heard in the land. The blow is aimed at Christianity, under the influ-

ence of which, the bel's of factories have long since been reduced to silence on the Sabbath day. But could not the bill have been so extended as to cover the "fog-horns" of departing steamers on Sunday mornings? The long, coarse, unearthly yell of pleasure boats are far more annoying than anything else, and it is strange that sensitive people have not thought of them.

ABSTRACT OF PROCEEDINGS OF MERCERSBURG CLASSIS.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of Mercersburg Classis was held in the Reformed church of Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pa., beginning on Wednesday evening, May 14th, 1879, and ending on the following Monday night at 10 o'clock.

In the absence of the President of Classis, the Stated Clerk, by request, preached the opening sermon, basing his discourse upon 1 John v. 12, "He that hath the Son hath life."

The following members of Classis were in attendance, to wit: *Ministers*, Wm. M. Deatrick, I. G. Brown, Dr. Higbee, J. H. Sykes, A. G. Dole, E. N. Kremer, M. H. Sangree, H. I. Comfort, H. Miller, J. Hassler, H. F. Seiple, D. M. Whitmore, D. N. Dittmar, F. A. Rupley, J. M. Schick, W. I. Stewart, I. M. Motter, D. W. Ebbert, W. C. Cremer, F. F. Bahner, H. F. Long, J. D. Miller, H. S. Garner, C. H. Reiter, J. A. Reber, I. N. Peightel, and J. M. North. *Elders*, J. Bowman, A. J. Weisgarver, A. R. Schnebly, S. B. Suively, M. Sprankle, H. Gilbert, H. P. Diehl, D. M. Stoler, D. Dunn, J. A. Cook, S. Small, T. Foreman, H. Sheetz, J. R. Pague, J. Miller, J. F. Boul, J. Ritchey, D. B. Russell, J. Gerhold, M. D. Burkett, J. A. Sellers, Wm. Bossert, T. Gillan, D. Grove, E. Canode, D. Aurandt, and J. Rebeck.

Revs. Dr. Gleesner, Dr. T. Appel, and J. M. Mickle were received as advisory members. Elders A. Haderman, J. P. Levan, Wm. Dice and P. A. Baker were also admitted to seats as advisory members.

The officers for the current Classical year are: Rev. F. A. Rupley, *President*; J. H. Sykes, *Vice President*; Wm. M. Deatrick, *Treasurer*; M. H. Sangree, *Corresponding Secretary*.

The President appointed the following standing committees, composed of three ministers and two elders, the chairmen of which were—Wm. M. Deatrick, on Minutes of Classis; J. D. Miller, on Minutes of Synod; F. F. Bahner, on Minutes of General Synod; I. G. Brown, on State of Religion and Statistics; A. G. Dole, on Examination, Licensure and Ordination; C. H. Reiter, on Overtures; I. M. Motter, on Finance; D. M. Whitmore, on Missions and D. W. Ebbert, on Religious Services.

The Treasurer reported the receipts for contingent purposes, during the year, to be \$276.34; disbursements, \$197.65; balance in treasury, \$78.69. Receipts for Home Missions, \$866.91, all of which has been paid over to the Treasurer of the Tri-Synodic Board of Missions. A small amount was also raised for sustentation and paid to the pastor of the Yellow Creek charge.

The Treasurer of the Board of Education presented his annual statement to the Classis, acknowledging the receipt of \$799.67, and the disbursement of \$882.42, leaving a balance due the treasurer of the Board of \$27.25. The amount apportioned for Home Missions for the current year is \$1130.00. The sum assessed for contingent expenses of the Classis is \$290.00. Pledges were taken for beneficiary education, amounting to upwards of \$400.00; which, if paid, will be sufficient to meet the appropriations made by the Classis to her beneficiary students. At present the Classis has only three such students under her care; a much smaller number than for many years past.

Messrs. W. Wilberforce Deatrick, Samuel H. Eisenberg and Daniel H. Leader were licensed to preach the Gospel. The first-named had graduated in the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., and the others in the Post Graduate Department of Mercersburg College, the week previous to the convening of the Classis, and had been furnished with recommendations for licensure.

The usual routine business of reading parochial reports and asking the constitutional questions occupied considerable time. The contents of these reports are summarized in the report of the standing committee on the State of Religion and Statistics, which will be furnished separately for the columns of the MESSENGER.

The subject that elicited the most earnest discussion was the resignation by Rev. W. I. Stewart, of the St. Thomas charge, with a view to the acceptance of a call tendered him by the Altoona charge. The joint consistory of the St. Thomas charge refused to join their pastor in asking for the dissolution of the pastoral relation. A strong and influential minority in the Altoona church opposed the confirmation of the call from said church to the pastor elect. A numerously signed petition was laid before the Classis, petitioning the Classis to not confirm said call. The whole subject was referred to a special committee, which reported adversely to the dissolution of the pastoral relation between the pastor of St. Thomas charge and his people. Both parties to the strife in the Altoona church were heard by the special committee and before the Classis, in advocacy of their positions. Very properly, Rev. Stewart submitted the decision of the whole matter to the Classis. After earnest debate and prayerful consideration, the report of the special committee was adopted and the St. Thomas charge retains its pastor.

Rev. H. F. Seiple was, at his own request, dismissed to the Tobacco Classis.

Committees of supply were appointed for the Altoona and Everett charges. The Loudon, Clover Creek and Middleburg charges received the stated supplies asked for. The Sunday School Conventions were again ordered the same as last year.

McConnellstown, Huntingdon county, Pa., was chosen as the place for holding the next annual meeting of Classis, and Wednesday evening, May 19th, A. D. 1880, was fixed upon as the time.

The Classis wiped out by exoneration all arrearages on apportionments for Beneficiary Education and Home Missions, made prior to the annual meeting of 1878, at Bedford, Pa. The meeting was the most harmonious one held for many years, and its influence for good must tell on all our pastors and pastoral charges. At the close, after a short and solemn address by the President, the Classis ad-

joined by singing the Gloria in Excelsis, repeating the Apostles' Creed, joining in the Lord's Prayer, and Apostolic Benediction by the President.

WM. M. DEATRICK,
Stated Clerk.

Report of Committee on the State of Religion.

Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Reverend and Dear Brethren:—

Your Committee on the State of Religion and Morals would offer the following: First of all, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty, to give thanks to Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, for the continuance of His great favors and many mercies upon the labors of our ministers and people during the past year. The lives of all our people were preserved, and health and strength given to them, to enable them to go forward uninterruptedly in their work among their people. Encouraging additions, made to the different congregations, are reported. Many of the unconfirmed portion of our membership were led to seek confirmation; many were brought out of the world into the Church; and many backsliders restored by a renewal of their profession.

In carrying forward this work, the preaching of the word and the administration of the sacraments have been relied on, as the best and only means of salvation. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." This duty was constantly and diligently discharged in the pulpit and in the catechetical class. "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."

The truth, set forth in the preaching of the word, led many to enter into the covenant by baptism. This ordinance was faithfully administered, and is increasingly honored in many of our charges. The true import of the sacrament has been expounded and defended against the low and imperfect views of surrounding elements, and the number of infant baptisms seems to be larger, during the past year, than heretofore. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." The blessings of the covenant, the grace thus received, produced a hungering and thirsting after righteousness and a desire for a still nearer approach unto the Lord in the communion and fellowship of the last supper. This holy sacrament was regularly administered and greatly enjoyed by our people: and in a number of charges larger communions than ever before are reported. "Do this in remembrance of Me." "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."

There is also a reference to the principal Church festivals. These were generally observed, and brought with them the richest blessings. As a natural result of the truth taught, the religious life of our people has manifested itself in a more regular attendance on the Lord's Day services and the weekly meetings of prayer—in greater faithfulness, in more stability, and in greater willingness to discharge Christian duties, and to live near to God. Mutual esteem and great confidence and love are prevailing among pastors and people.

A commendable effort was made during the year, to circulate the periodicals of the Church, which was also attended with a good degree of success: and the subject of Sunday Schools received more than ordinary attention. The financial pressure has been felt in some of our charges, and interrupted their benevolent operations, causing great difficulty and some failures in meeting their engagements; while others have enjoyed a great degree of prosperity; and in nearly every charge the temporal contract between people and pastor has been fulfilled.

In view, then, of all the goodness the Lord has caused to pass before us, during the past year, we may say: "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us:" and now, "Unto Him that level us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Respectfully submitted,
I. G. BROWN,
Chairman.

Statistics.
Ministers, 36; pastoral charges, 29; congregations, 71; members, 6,585; unconfirmed members, 4,399; infant baptisms, 477; adult baptisms, 78; confirmed, 411; received by certificate, 238; communicants, 5,855; dismissed, 165; erasure of names, 49; excommunicated, 0; deaths, 156; Sunday Schools, 55; Sunday School scholars, 4,224; students for the ministry, 12; contributions for general benevolence, \$3,445.95; contributions for congregational purposes, \$21,166.42. This shows an increase in congregations, members, infant baptisms, adult baptisms, confirmations, (more than double), certificate, communicants, dismissed, erasure of names, deaths, Sunday Schools, Sunday School scholars, and contributions for general benevolence; and a decrease in members unconfirmed, excommunicated, students for the ministry, and contributions for local or congregational purposes, as compared with the previous year.

STATED CLERK.

VIRGINIA CLASSIS.

This Classis held its late annual meeting at Smithfield, Jefferson county, West Va., commencing its sessions on the evening of the 15th of May, and adjourning on the 19th, at 11 o'clock, P. M. There were present at this meeting the following members, viz: Revs. G. H. Martin, D. D., H. St. J. Rinker, S. N. Callender, D. D., C. G. Fisher, H. Talhelm, J. C. Bowman, J. A. Hoffheins, A. J. Whitmore, B. R. Carnahan, F. E. Vandersloot, who was received at this meeting from the Classis of Zion, and the Licentiate G. A. Whitmore. Absent, Revs. J. C. Hensell, A. J. Bowen and J. S. Loose. *Elders*: John Beshong, R. Hoff man, G. P. Souder, Henry Roller, Daniel S. Rentch, H. J. Seibert, J. N. Nicely and J. R. Lantz. *Advisory members*, Rev. Wm. F. Lichtner, of Allegheny Classis, and Rev. Dr. Theodore Appel, of Lancaster Classis.

The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. Hoffheins, from Matt. vi. 10, "Thy kingdom come." The Rev. J. C. Bowman was elected *President*, Hy. St. J. Rinker continued *Stated Clerk*, and Rev. C. G. Fisher elected *Treasurer*. The retiring *Treasurer* having held the office for thirty-one years, it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this Classis be tendered the retiring *Treasurer* for his long and faithful service.

Chairmen of standing committees: On Minutes of Synod, Rev. B. R. Carnahan; Overtures, G. H. Martin, D. D.; Classical Minutes, Hy. St. J. Rinker; Examination, Licensure and Ordination, S. N. Callender, D. D.; Religion, J. A. Hoffheins; Missions, Hy. Talhelm; Finance, A. J. Whitmore; Religious Services, C. G. Fisher. The presence of the Rev. G. A. Long, of the Lutheran, and Rev. P. M. Crown, of the Methodist Protestant Church, were recognized by the President.

The pastoral relations existing between the Rev. J. C. Hensell and the Rockingham charge, and that existing between Rev. A. J. Whitmore and the Middlebrook charge, were dissolved at the request of these brethren. Messrs. L. M. Hensell and S. L. Whitmore, of the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., were licensed to preach the gospel, and on Monday night were solemnly ordained to the gospel ministry by the imposition of hands; the services were conducted by the officers of Classis after an appropriate and excellent sermon by Rev. G. H. Martin, D. D. These brethren received calls from the Rockingham and Middlebrook charges respectively. These calls were confirmed, and provision made for their installation by appointment of the committees necessary thereto.

All the recommendations and references by Synod to the Classis received favorable action. The Treasurer's report showed, that there had been received into the treasury during the year \$765.00. That all the assessments had been met, and that there had been disbursed during the year \$501.67, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$263.33.

The following was received from the Committee on Missions and adopted by Classis: Your Committee on Missions beg leave to report, that by reference of Classis there came into our hands the request of Synod asking active cooperation of the members of this Classis in the work of missions, and the report of the committee which visited Pendleton Co., W. Va.

Your committee have given the subject the consideration they were able under the circumstances, and can but lament the difficulties and hindrances, which prevent that measure of activity in this cause, which the territory within the bounds of this Classis so urgently needs.

Feeling our energies largely paralyzed by these evils and the want of a freer cooperation on the part of the Board of Missions, we can only recommend, that, in a spirit of loyalty and obedience to our Synod, we, as a Classis, respond favorably to her recommendations for cooperation.

As to the Pendleton interest, it would seem, that the unfavorable prospect presented by that field, combined with the straitened circumstances of this Classis, conspire to prevent any favorable recommendation in its behalf.

As bearing further upon the subject of Missions within the bounds of this Classis, a subject which received so much of the attention of Classis, and was so earnestly discussed, the following action was taken in regard to the Middlebrook mission and contiguous outlying points.

WHEREAS, After a full discussion of the history and proceedings of the late Middlebrook mission, Classis has been able to come to a full understanding and appreciation of the reasons which have induced said late mission to lay aside the character of a mission field and assume the position of a self-sustaining charge; and

WHEREAS, Classis is apprehensive, that the great desire of the people to secure full service in spiritual things, which the enormous pressure of Church secularities upon the late missionary prevented, and which state of prevention seemed likely to continue, if the late arrangement was continued, has prompted, perhaps, to a hasty action on their part, so hasty, it is feared, as to involve the danger of disastrous failure, without assistance being afforded to the newly confirmed pastor; and

WHEREAS, There still remains contiguous to the Middlebrook charge several points of promise to the Reformed Church, which call for the labor and services of a missionary; therefore,

Resolved, That Rev. A. J. Whitmore be appointed as a missionary to this outlying field, with the instruction that he renders what assistance he can to the pastor of the Middlebrook charge, and that this Classis promises said missionary for the ensuing year one hundred dollars.

Resolved, That the Board of Missions be requested to extend the appropriation of one hundred and fifty dollars, which it had made to the Middlebrook mission, to this new field.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Classis, that this appropriation will not be needed more than one, or at most, two years.

The following action was taken looking to the division of charges:

WHEREAS, For the more thorough cultivation of present fields or charges, the establishment of which adjacent and outlying points, and the increase and strengthening of the Reformed Church within the bounds of this Classis, it is desirable that charges consisting of two or more congregations should be divided as rapidly as practicable; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to visit the Mt. Crawford, Mill Creek, Edenburg and Woodstock charges, who shall express the foregoing judgment as the wisdom of this Classis, and urge upon the attention of said charges the matter of a division to the end, that they may be more effectually worked, and missionary work done, and further to ascertain whether, and to what extent, division of charges may be necessary and practicable, and to advise with pastors as to ways and means of securing such division by the next annual meeting of Classis.

Resolved, That pastors and consistories are hereby earnestly requested to cooperate with the said committee in the performance of the work assigned them, and by counsel and advice and active effort, to aid in the accomplishment of this end.

Resolved, That this Classis regards it desirable and important, that in every division of a charge the same should be effected with the very general approval and hearty cooperation on the part of the people.

Rev. C. G. Fisher, Hy. St. J. Rinker and Elder D. S. Rentch were appointed the committee called for in the above action. The Licentiate G. A. Whitmore was, at his request, dismissed to the Classis of Clarion, Pittsburgh Synod.

Time and place of next annual meeting: Zion's church, Shenandoah county, Va., on Thursday before the third Sunday in May, at 7.30, P. M.

Statistics.
Ministers, 16; congregations, 23; members, 1963; unconfirmed members, 318; baptisms, infant, 120; adults, 27; confirmed, 100; by certificate, 35; communicants, 1615; dismissed,

16; erasures, 2; deaths, 41; Sunday Schools, 13; S. S. scholars, 893; students for the ministry, 1; benevolent contributions, \$728.67; local objects, \$445.40.

The usual vote of thanks was passed. A resolution of adjournment *sine die* was passed and the annual sessions of 1879, of the Virginia Classis, were closed by the members of Classis surrounding the altar and led by the President, in repeating the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the President pronouncing the Apostolic Benediction.

STATED CLERK.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. M. H. Mishler, of Weatherly, Carbon county, Pa., has resigned his present charge, with a view to accept a call from the Hickory Bottom charge, Blair county, Pa. The brethren in the field thus becoming vacant are anxious to secure another pastor. They require one who can officiate in both the German and English languages. Particulars will be furnished on addressing H. S. Rinker, Weatherly, Pa.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

For the following items we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. J. H. Dubbs:

Littlestown is a pleasant village in Adams county, Pa. Situated in the midst of a rich and beautiful country, it is evident that its people do not suffer for want of the good things of life.

About a mile and a half from the village is "Christ church"—originally called "Kreutz Kirche"—which now numbers more than five hundred members. The latter is one of the oldest congregations in the Reformed church. It was visited and organized by Rev. Michael Schlatter, whose name appears on the first page of a record of baptisms, which is still carefully preserved.

The Reformed church of Littlestown was at first a feeble branch of Christ church. Five years ago, when the Rev. John Ault became its pastor, it numbered only twenty-four members; now the number has increased to two hundred and thirty. In Christ church, and in two smaller congregations, the labors of the pastor have been equally successful, so that the whole charge is now in an exceedingly prosperous condition. Of course, such extraordinary results can only be achieved by self-sacrifice, and we were, therefore, not surprised to be informed, some time ago, that Bro. Ault's health had been prostrated by excessive labor. We are glad to say, that he has now entirely recovered, and labors with his accustomed energy. It is, however, evident, that the work is too great for a single laborer; and we hope the pastor will be assisted by his friends in effecting a speedy division of the charge.

At the communion services at Littlestown, on the 11th inst., the pastor was assisted by Prof. J. H. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College. The latter preached four times at Littlestown, on Saturday and Sunday, and once at St. Luke's church. The attendance at all of these services was very large, and it was observed, that very few members of the church were absent from communion. Altogether it was a delightful season, and the writer greatly enjoyed his visit to this active pastor and his generous people.

Twenty-two persons were added to the Waynesboro' charge, Rev. F. F. Bahner, pastor, in connection with the Spring communion season.

St. Luke's, Woodcock Valley, Bedford Co., Pa., Rev. J. David Miller, pastor, celebrated the holy communion after Easter, April 25. Services commenced on Friday evening, which were well attended. Three persons were admitted by certificate and two by the rite of confirmation, one receiving adult baptism. The charge is in a flourishing condition.

GERMAN CHURCH IN THE WEST.

In connection with the Easter communion in the Lanesville, Indiana, charge, Rev. S. C. Barth, pastor, twenty-one persons were added to the church by confirmation.

The Monroeville, Ohio, charge, Rev. W. Renter, pastor, admitted twenty to the communion of the church by confirmation in connection with the Easter communions, sixteen at the Monroeville and four at the Zion church.

PACIFIC COAST.

The church at San Francisco, California, the Rev. F. Fox informs us, has made commendable progress during the short pastorate of the Rev. J. Fuendeling. The rear wall of the building just behind the pulpit, has been beautified with a handsome fresco painting. The Easter festival was celebrated amid a profusion of choicest California flowers. Public examination of eight catechumens took place on Palm Sunday. During Passion week five public services were held and well attended, and on Easter, after confirmation and reception of two members by certificate, over one hundred persons partook of the communion. Since New Year's, twenty one new members have joined this church, and the prospects for the future of this enterprise are encouraging.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE CLASSES.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Lebanon Classis: Womelsdorf, Pa., June 5th, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Philadelphia Classis: Norristown, Pa., June 6th, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Lancaster Classis: Lititz, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

East Susquehanna Classis: Turbotville, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Goshenhoppen Classis: Wentz's church, Montgomery county, Pa., first Friday in June (6th) at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Tobickon Classis: Ridge Valley, Bucks county, Pa., first Friday in June, (6th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

San Francisco Classis: Stockton, California, June 1st, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Westmoreland Classis: Manor church, Westmoreland county, Pa., Friday before Whitsunday, at 2½ o'clock, P. M.

Clarion Classis: St. Luke's church, Kittanning, Pa., Thursday, June 5th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

St. Paul's Classis: St. John's church, Shennango charge, Mercer county, Pa., Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Somerset Classis: Salem church, Frostburg, Md., June 4th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Allegheny Classis: Grace church, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 4th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

SHELBY CLASSIS.

The annual meeting of Shelby Classis will take place in the Reformed church at Summit, Thursday, June 5th, 1879, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

S. P. MYERS,
Stated Clerk.

NOTICE.

Excursion tickets will be granted to delegates and such having business with Lebanon Classis on 4th and 5th of June, good until 13th.

Classis convenes June 5th, at 8, P. M., in Reformed church, Womelsdorf, Pa.

JOHN P. STEIN.

EAST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.

The ministers and delegates of this Classis, to convene at Turbotville on the 5th of June, coming by railway, will stop off at Watson-town (Phila. & Erie R. R.) at 1.18, P. M. There will be conveyances there to bear them to Turbotville. Those coming on the Catawissa branch will change at Milton.

PASTOR LOCI.

NOTICE.

The members of Allegheny Classis are hereby notified, that the annual meeting has been changed from the Wednesday evening preceding to the Wednesday evening following Whitsuntide, (June 4th), at 7½ o'clock. By order of the President.

J. M. SOUDER.

Married.

On the 20th of May, by Rev. Chas. H. Leinbach, Dr. W. H. Kilmer, of Myerstown, to Miss Amanda W. Kurtz, of Richland, Lebanon Co., Pa.

On the 19th inst., by the Rev. T. J. Barkley, at his residence, Mr. John Moren, of Freeman's Landing, W. Va., to Miss Nettie Josenhaus of Allegheny city.

Obituaries.

DIED.—At Lumberville, Pa., of catarrh fever, Henry W., infant son of John Shaddinger, aged 9 months and 21 days. God plucked the flower in its purity and sweetness and beauty. G. W. R.

Acknowledgments.

GOSHENHOPPEN CLASSIS.	
Read from Rev S M K Huber for missions, from Wentz's chg.	\$ 36 00
Rev L J Mayer, communion collection for missions, from Boyertown cong, \$26.00; Swamp cong, \$14.71; Sassaman's cong, \$7.16.	47 87
Rev C Z Weiser, for Foreign missions, from New Goshenhoppen Ref ch, East r offering, Tobias Freed, Treas.	59 16
Trinity Ref ch, Great Swamp, Easter offering, N C Roeder, Treas.	44 87
	\$187 90

HOME MISSIONS.	
Received since last report.	
Read from Rev Dr G Wolff,	\$150 00
Rev F W Kremer, S Sch, \$250.00; F B Society, \$62.50; S S at Bismarck, \$67.78; Cong collection, \$14.24.	333 52
From Rev H W Herbert, \$30.00; Rev L K Berr, \$5.00; Rev J A Peters, \$31.34; Rev J B Shumaker, \$70.00; Rev F A Rupley, \$10.87; Rev A B Shenke, \$26.18; Rev F S Lindaman, \$21.25; Rev E J Fogel, \$60.65; Rev J Hartman, \$10.00; Rev M Peters, \$14.00; Rev J Sechler, \$34.50; Rev E Keller, \$58.50; Rev J P Moore, \$10.00; Rev A G Dole, \$16.00; Rev Dr W A Heltrich, \$25.00; Rev R S Appel, \$10.52.	513 81
	\$997 33
F. W. KREMER, Treasurer.	

EAST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.
Moneys received by George Hill, Treasurer of East Susquehanna Classis, since the 13th of June, 1878.

For Contingent Expenses	
From Danville chg, \$10.00; North Susquehanna chg, \$26.00; Weatherly chg, \$8.00; Bloomsburg chg, \$13.33; Ashland chg, \$7.00; Bowman's chg, \$3.00; Catawissa chg, \$14.00; Sunbury chg, \$5.00; Paradise chg, \$17.00; Mt Zion's, \$24.50; Conyngham chg, \$17.00; Deep Creek chg, \$10.00; Mahanoy chg, \$15.00; Millersburg chg, \$14.00.	\$184 03

FOR HOME MISSIONS.	
From North Susquehanna chg, \$29.00; Millersburg chg, \$22.52; Danville chg, \$37.99; Bloomsburg chg, \$20.00; Mt Zion chg, \$34.25; Conyngham chg, \$25.00; Catawissa chg, \$25.00; Rev M H Mishler, for Rev E D Miller, \$3.00; Paradise cong, \$50.00; Union-town chg, \$10.00; Sunbury S Sch, \$1.92; Sunbury chg, \$17.36; Orangeville chg, \$10.00; Mahanoy chg, \$10.53; Mahanoy chg, St Peter's cong, \$16.71; Ashland chg, \$20.00.	340 77

CHURCH EXTENSION.	
From North Susquehanna chg, \$25.00; Catawissa chg, \$21.00; Danville chg, \$7.00; Ashland chg, \$7.00.	60 00

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.	
From Danville chg, \$25.05; Sunbury chg, \$10.44; Mt Zion chg, \$35.00; Bowman's chg, \$2.00; Catawissa chg, \$23.00; Paradise cong, \$22.00; Millersburg chg, \$35.00; Conyngham chg, \$8.00; North Susquehanna chg, \$15.00; Mahanoy chg, \$40.00; Uniontown chg, \$16.00; Bloomsburg chg, \$9.62; Grangeville chg, \$10.00; Ashland chg, \$5.00.	256 11

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.	
From Sunbury S Sch, \$17.39; Turbotville S Sch, \$18.50; Ashland S Sch, \$9.00; St Peter's cong, Mahanoy chg, \$5.00; Rev A B Hottenstein, Mahanoy chg, \$5.15; Hill-bush family, Mahanoy chg, \$11.00; Parachg, \$9.00; Rev G B Dechant, Catawissa chg, \$5.00; Elias Helwig, Legacy, Catawissa chg, \$17.50.	97 54

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Youth's Department.

THE CHILDREN AND THE ANGEL.

Four playmates, gathered by the rill,
A song in concert sweetly sung;
One crippled now, dear little Will,
Yet happy still his pure voice rung.

The burden of their strain was love
For Him who blessed e'en little child.
Lo! on their vision, from above,
There sudden flashed an angel mild!

"Dear children," low the presence spake,
"Each whisper me, with upturned brow,
What ye would give for His loved sake,
Were the dear Saviour present now."

"Were all earth's richest jewels mine,
I'd fondly give each glowing gem,"
The eldest said, "and all should shine
On Jesus' brow for diadem."

The next, with trembling voice, replied,
"I'd wreath His cross with fairest flowers,
And, kneeling, kiss His wounded side,
While teardrops fell like summer showers."

"And I," said cunning little Maud,
"Would lift my lips for Him to kiss;
Instead of papa, say, Dear Lord,
Thy name may all the angels bless."

The lame boy's pale, dejected face
The angel scanned with kindling smile,
As though his answer she might trace
In soulful look it wore the while.

"One simple gift is all I have,
Its merit measured not by pelf;
Baptized in prayer's all-healing wave,
I'd freely give to Him—myself!"

"O precious one," the angel said,
While rapture filled her azure eye,
"The victor's wreath shall crown thy head—
God loveth best thy wise reply."

TWO LITTLE PRINCES.

The story of the two little princes smothered in the tower of London, and buried beneath a staircase there, is well known to every childish reader of history; but few have heard the even sadder tale of two other little princes born about the same time, and living in a neighboring country. Poor little Henri and Francois de Nemours!—one a sickly baby of seven, the other only eight years old. They were taken from a loving mother and a happy home to see their father's head cut off by the cruel king of France—Louis XI. Side by side, dressed all in white, the poor children stood beneath the scaffold, hardly understanding the terrible scene. When all was over the little boys were hurried off to the great old prison of Paris, the Bastille, there to be punished in their turn. Those were cruel old days, as you see, but how cruel no happy child of the nineteenth century can guess.

Not only were these little lads shut up in prison, but, to add to their sufferings, each was placed in a sort of terrible iron cage, barred all round, and made of such shape that they could neither sit, nor lie down nor stand in it properly. To be always uncomfortable, that was the design of these wicked inventions, and always uncomfortable were poor little Henri and Francois. Their only bit of consolation consisted in the fact that the cages were hung so close together that the poor prisoners could see each other, speak to each other, even clasp hands through the bars.

You would think that such a punishment was sufficiently severe for two little boys who had done no harm to themselves; but the monster who called himself "Most Christian King" did not think so, and his new idea was to order a surgeon to go once a week to the prison, and pull out a tooth of each child.

Little Francois burst into tears of terror when he heard the dreadful sentence, and Henri turned very pale; but it was not from fear of pain for himself—he was a brave boy and dreaded nothing; it was little Francois he was thinking of.

"Sir," he entreated, falling at the feet of the surgeon, "my mother would die of grief, if you hurt my little brother. Take my tooth out if you will, but don't hurt him."

Fortunately, the doctor was a kind man, and was touched by the heroism of the little prisoner.

"My boy," he answered gently, "were I to grant your request, my own life would be at stake. I am strictly watched; I must show the Governor of the Bastille the two teeth at the close of every visit."

"Then take two of mine," said Hen-

ri, without an instant's hesitation, "only leave Francois alone. He is such a little boy, and is so often ill, and I am always quite well."

The doctor was moved to tears by this appeal, and his first idea was to give up the whole matter, and to tell the governor that he could not execute so cruel an order. But then he knew that some one else would be sent in his place, some harder-hearted creature, who would in no way consider the poor children. And little Francois was so pale and sickly that the fright and pain would surely kill him. So he thought for a moment, and then carried out Henri's wishes, took out two of his teeth and left little Francois unhurt.

The brave boy never winced nor cried, though poor little Francois did both at the sight of his brother suffering for him. Week by week came the doctor, and week by week Henri cheerfully parted with two teeth, till all were gone!

He did not mind the pain much, and Francois was saved. But bad air, and want of exercise and a mother's love, did for poor Henri what actual suffering could not do—they undermined his health and brought on a slow fever. Not much talking went on now between the prisoners. Henri was too weak to cheer his little neighbor as he used to do. But the last day the feeble spirit flickered up, and he called to his baby brother, "Dear, I am going to leave you. Ah! I am sorry not to see our mother before I die. My heart tells me you will soon see her, and when you do, mind you say that I died loving her better even than I did when I lived at home with her."

At these sad words little Francois burst into a flood of tears; but the elder boy lay back, pale and exhausted, till a minute after he said softly: "Give me your hand, and press mine very tightly."

Poor little man! a stronger hand than that of a feeble baby of seven should have led him gently to the gates of death! But all this was of a piece with the cruelty of Louis XI. No persuasion would have induced him to allow mother or nurse to come nearer the wretched children.

A poor priest, indeed, was present, at first doubtless seeming only another jailor in the eyes of the forsaken babes; but he was a good man, and had stood beside many a death-bed in that firm old fortress, learning from his kind heart what to say to each sufferer.

So to the sinking child he spoke strange yet pleasant words of "seeing dear father again in heaven," and, when the poor orphan smiled at the happy thought, he told him another Father up in that same heaven, even more kind and loving, was waiting for His tired, tortured little one.

Even Francois could understand this, while Henri lay very still, soothed and comforted. All at once the little hero raised himself, and in a firm voice exclaimed, "Francois, you must take care of my dicky-bird."

They were his last words, and with this innocent expression of solicitude for his one plaything, the spirit of the little Duc de Nemours passed away, beyond the bars of the cage, beyond the firm Bastille. The bird flew from the hand of the dead master to that of the living brother. It had been a pet of both, feeding out of their hands on prison crumbs, and coming at the call of either.

Henri was right in thinking that little Francois would be restored to his family. The death of Louis XI. a few years later accomplished this, though the poor little lad remained lame and sickly to the end of his days, owing to his suffering in captivity.

At the taking of the Bastille, in 1789, two iron cages were discovered, their shape identifying them as those constructed for these unhappy children. They were broken to pieces by the populace with cries of horror. So ends the pitiful tale of the little princes in the Bastille.—S. W. Presbyterian.

The followers of the Lamb should be lamb-like; that is, gentle, patient, and resigned to the will of God: "Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

TIME NOT LOST.

"I am sorry, Miss Jennie," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher; "but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning!" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face. "How is that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was very busy, and she left Harry in my room; and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun, that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love Clara," as he called it in his baby-talk. He pressed his lips to her cheek, saying, "Me love 'oo, 'Lara." "You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this, Mrs. Palmer was seized with severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and little Harry's noisy play distressed her very much: so Clara took the little fellow to her own room, and rocked him almost as well as her mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"Dear child," said the physician as he put his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.

The blessed Jesus spent all His time, when on earth, in doing good for others.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in foolish wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

PRAIRIE DOGS IN THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

Among the contributions mentioned in the second annual report are 28 prairie dogs. In time, these enterprising little creatures burrowed out of their enclosure under a wall fourteen feet deep, and took possession of a fine slope of lawn near the superintendent's office in the old Penn mansion called "Solitude," and they bravely held it until last fall, when the old enclosure was dug up and paved with flags, and now it once more confines them. To catch them the holes were flooded, and the poor little creatures taken as they came up, half drowned. Their colony is one of the most interesting things in the garden. At any time almost you might see dozens of these active little animals popping in and out of their holes, uttering their peculiar cry—something like the half-suppressed bark of a dog—to which probably they owe their name. Their increase begins to alarm the society. Something must be done, and it is very difficult to catch them. Some newly forming zoological garden applied to the Fairmount Park institution for prairie dogs. This was

while they held possession of the lawn. The request was most willingly granted, but the catching took four men and about as many days, and then only three or four were secured.

There is a popular belief in the west that the burrowing owl, the prairie dog, and the rattlesnake live together in harmony. It is probable that the snake invades the home of the dog for the purpose of feeding upon the young, while the owl, to save itself the trouble of digging its own habitation, takes the possession of the deserted burrows which are left in the gradual change of location continually going on among the dogs. Two burrowing owls were once introduced into the enclosure of the dogs at the Philadelphia garden, and the result was a desperate fight, in which the owls were finally killed, their wings having been clipped so that they could not fly away. This hardly shows harmony between the two. The prairie dog and the porcupine are among the animals that require no water.—M. Howland, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

THE SHOWER.

Before a gust of whirling dust,
Dainty Minnie and Millie flew,
Hurrying in from the coming shower,
For their pretty feathers and flowers were new,
And their crimps would wilt at a breath of mist
(They guarded them even against the dew),
And their ruffles would droop, so on they pressed,
Till the wide doors opened and let them through.

Under the rainbow, after the shower,
Meg and Molly came to town;
Meg had tangles in her hair,
Molly wore a tattered gown.
Both had baskets scarlet-heaped,
Their little feet were bare and brown,
And under the brim of their poor straw hats,
Their bashful eyes looked down.

The bobolink sings in the dripping elm,
The west is gold and the east is gray,
And the wind is sweet as I sit me down
To copy pictures as I may.
Two are fairer than I can draw,
Both are sweet in a different way,
And I wonder which one you would choose,
If they were hung in the light of day.

—St. Nicholas for June.

LONGITUDE NAUGHT.

Every young person who will read this article probably knows that longitude is the distance measured east and west from a given point on the earth, and that longitude naught is the given point,—in this case, the town of Greenwich, England, which name I am sure they have all seen on the margins of their maps.

I do not mean to say that there is no other longitude naught, because the numbering of the lines of longitude may begin anywhere, but practically, Greenwich is this point, since, you may be sure, when the longitude of any place is mentioned in English, it is reckoned from Greenwich.

One of the edifices to which the public is admitted is that which contains the Great Painted Hall. The ceiling of the hall is covered with an immense painting, intended to show what a powerful nation the British is, and the walls are hung with a great many pictures of naval fights in which the English are coming out best. For this reason, probably, there are no pictures of John Paul Jones's engagements, nor of any of the actions with our ships in 1812. The works of art, however, though all naval, are not all belligerent. There are statues and pictures of English admirals for several centuries, and though some look very unsailor-like in their ruffs and silk doublets, yet they were good commanders, fighters, and explorers. Here you may see, too, the coat worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of the Nile,—blue, trimmed with pale buff, and of the "swallow-tailed" cut. Near by, in another case, are a few objects which tell of fearful sufferings, wanderings and death, for these tarnished spoons and broken trinkets belonged to those who went with the brave Sir John Franklin.

Still further on is the museum, full of models of ships, deck-yards, anchors, and inventions used in marine operations. The most interesting in this multitude of objects are the models of the masts, rigging or sides of the ships engaged in the most noted of the battles between the British and the French. Here you may see, on a small scale, exactly what damage were sustained by

the "Victory" and many of the other ships under Nelson's command. The work of the cannon-shot is so successfully imitated, that it looks as if it had been really done by guns on the same scale as the little ships.

We must now turn our attention to the park, the beautiful groves of which with the observatory rising on the hill amongst them, we have seen through every opening as we inspected the naval buildings. The land lies beautifully, and sweeps grandly up to the hill capped by the building, with the queer poles and flying wheels on its roof and towers. The trees grow in very striking groups, and one old oak, dead at the top and almost entirely overrun by ivy, is fenced off to itself; it was planted by Queen Bess nearly three hundred years ago.

If it is not too foggy, the view from the hill is charming. The park is a great resort for Londoners in the spring holidays. On these occasions grown people play at games which are usually left to children in America. It is very amusing to see them holding hands in a great circle and playing *Kiss in the Ring*. They are very boisterous but good-natured. The observatory is not a very handsome building, and if it were it would be spoiled by the numerous poles, weather-cocks and wind-gauges on its roof, and the great black ball which is dropped at one o'clock every day to give the exact time to ship-masters, in order that they may regulate their chronometers. On one side of the observatory is the great clock that always has the correct time, without any dispute, which is very seldom the case with other time-pieces. You may stand there a long while and notice that everybody who comes by and has a watch will compare it with the big clock. On the wall, near the gate, there are metal plates with projecting irons, which are set to indicate the standard of English measurements: the yard, the foot and the inch. I saw a workman with a hamper of tools coming along. The notice attracted his eye, and he immediately put down his tool-bag, got out and tested his rule, and walked away apparently satisfied with the result. The interior of the building can only be visited by permission from the admiralty; but unless the visitor is a tolerably scientific person a great deal will be lost to him. It may be said, in general terms, that here, by day and night, not only are the heavenly bodies watched, and the "stars in their courses" noted with the utmost accuracy, but also that a great many of the operations of nature are followed and their results measured and recorded by instruments and appliances of the most delicate workmanship and adjustment. The barometer and thermometer are instruments familiar to everybody; here they register themselves by photography; anemometers measure the force of the wind; lines of subterranean telegraph measure the force of terrestrial magnetism; electrometers collect atmospheric electricity, and thermometers are everywhere—on the grass, on the ground, and in the Thames. The telescopes are excellent ones, and the greatest pains are taken to have them all in perfect order and very firmly mounted.

As for the town, it seems very quiet, though for years people have come here to eat the nice little fish called "white-bait," and have made it very gay sometimes. I took lunch in one queer old place which dated from George the First's time, I noticed, and was getting shabby, and then I came away, firmly convinced that I should have made a mistake if I had not gone to see the place which has no longitude.—W. L. Shepard. *St. Nicholas* for June.

Pleasantries.

In the Spring the female fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of bonnet,
With a maze of gimp and ribbons
And a bunch of feathers on it.

When a new boy appears at school the other boys don't say anything to him at all, unless it is to inquire, "Say, what's your name?" "Who's yer daddy?" "Where d'ye live?" "What reader are you in?" "Is them yer Sunday clothes?"—*Kingston Freeman*.

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JUNE 8. LESSON 23. 1879.

Trinity Sunday.—Genesis 1. 1-5.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

INTRODUCTION.—The book of Genesis was written by Moses, about two thousand years after the beginning of our time. He would not have written it, had not God directed him. Its name means the Beginning—the Generation. It contains a history of the creation of the world; of its earliest inhabitants; of the original state of man, and his fall; of the first religions; of the commencement of the sciences and the arts; of the corruption of the human race; of the flood; of the re-peopling of the earth; of the rise of nations and kingdoms; and of the Patriarchs, from Adam to Joseph's death. It covers a period of about 2,369 years, and is the oldest history we have. It is so simple, consistent, and impartial in its narratives, that the best men take it as a correct and truthful account of the first things.

COMMENTS.—The Mosaic account of the creation of the world is remarkable for its grand simplicity of language. The child and the philosopher can both read it with interest. After reading the heavy, tiresome volumes of ancient and modern world-makers, they gladly turn to this man of God for rest. Let us so study this old, but true story, then.

VERSE 1.—GOD.—His Name signifies THE GOOD BEING. In the beginning. This marks the commencement of time; but we do not know how long ago it was. The heavens and the earth.—By this phrase is meant the whole natural world—the universe. Created.—This world did not always exist; but it had a beginning—no matter when; and that beginning was in God its Creator. He called it into being. We may, of course, not ask how He created all things. Could we understand that, then we might ourselves make a world. We know, however, that all was done by the word of Jehovah, (Psalm xxxiii. 9; Heb. xi. 3). We are also informed in the New Testament, that God created the world by His Son Jesus Christ, (Eph. iii. 9; John i. 3; Rev. xix. 13).

Now think, whether it is possible for any one to tell so great a fact in fewer or plainer words. Many learned and pious writers contended, that this single verse is a section by itself; and that a long, very long period elapsed, before the arrangement took place which is so minutely described in the other part of this chapter. They teach that the material out of which the universe was formed was created at once; but that ages and ages went by, before the ordering and framing of the world occurred out of chaos. How long a time intervened between the calling of matter into being, and the preparation of it for life, Moses does not say.

VERSE 2.—Without form and void. This means, without shape, and empty of living things. It would hardly be necessary to tell us of the earth's waste and desolate condition, if no interval had occurred between the Creator's original creation, and the subsequent ordering of it. But if such a period had intervened, it is natural that such a description should precede the history of its later adorning, with light, life and beauty. It was Chaos—or a reign of disorder and confusion. Water and vapor surrounded and pervaded the globe. Neither do we know how long this period of chaos continued, before light was extracted. It may have been a great while.

And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. This may have been the wind, fire, or air, which were God's agents. Moved can be taken in the sense of brooding—as a hen fosters her young. God was at work, by His mighty operations, during this period, preparing and ripening every part of the earth, for such results as were to come forth successively, as are afterwards mentioned. This embryo world was in a state of fermentation and digestion, we may say.

VERSE 3.—Let there be light. This was the first result of order—God's first creature, in deed. We may conceive of it as warmth, heat, or primitive light—as the Sun is not yet mentioned. Doubtless, the sun, moon and stars, were also in process of formation already now, though they were only brought in right relation to the earth on the fourth day. This early light, then, we may suppose, to have been only a twilight, contending with the surrounding darkness. We are told—and there was light; but not that there was a fullness of it.

VERSE 4.—God saw the light that it was good. It was a mirror, or symbol of Himself "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." (1 John i. 5). Besides, this latent heat, warmth, or primitive light, was good, for vegetable and animal life that was to be. Without it there could have been no existence or growth. It was an agent necessary to the carrying on of nature. We see this illustrated in the decay and death of plants and animals from which the light is shut out. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." (Eccl. xi. 7).

VERSE 5.—Day—Night.—Probably the rotation of the earth around its own axis is here indicated. This necessarily caused a division of light from darkness, by bringing different portions of our earth under or away from the light of the sun. Strange that the learning of geographers and astronomers is only con-firmed by this early saying of Moses!

And the evening and the morning.—The first day. He does not say "The morning and the evening," &c. All had been night first; now, for the first time, there was a dawn of day. Therefore he counts from the former and earlier state, to the later. So the Jews reckoned their time afterwards.

We will present but a picture of the six days' creation, now—in questions and answers:—

What did God do in the first day, or period? He created light, (vs. 3-5). What was His work on the second day? The firmament by which the waters under, that is, oceans, lakes, rivers, &c., from those above, that is the clouds, (vs. 6-7). What did He do on the third day? He separated land from water, and made trees and herbs to grow, (vs. 9-12.). What was the work of the fourth day? The sun, moon and stars were adjusted,

to fix days, months and years, (vs. 14-18.). What was the work of the fifth day? Birds and fishes, (vs. 20-22). What was made on the sixth day? Creeping things, beasts and man, (vs. 24-30). What did God do on the seventh day? He rested from the work of creation, (v. 31).

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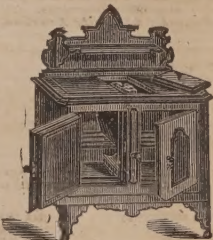
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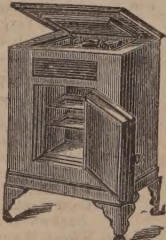
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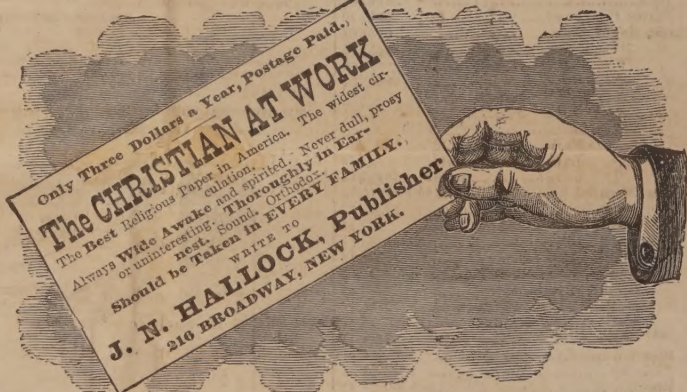
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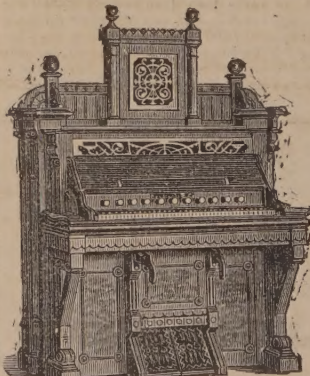
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General News.

FOREIGN.

St. Petersburg, Friday, May 23, 1879.—There has been a panic at Samara in consequence of placards announcing that the town would be burned on the 13th of May. The fire brigade paraded the streets all night, but there was no fire.

The St. Petersburg police have been reinforced by 150 soldiers.

Queen Victoria's 60th birth day was celebrated on Saturday, the 24th of May, throughout the kingdom on which the sun never sets. The demonstration in Canada was very grand, and the presence of Princess Louise, the Queen's favorite daughter, helped the enthusiasm. The Thirtieth Regiment, of Brooklyn, N. Y., participated in the parade, and helped to make Americans popular. There was a sham battle, at which the Marquis of Lorne was present. At the feast he helped toasting "They are jolly good fellows," when the toast to the regiment was proposed.

Montreal, May 26.—The church parade of the Brooklyn Thirtieth was the real figure of the religious observances to day. The services were held in St. James' Methodist Church. Mr. Beecher, the chaplain, entered the pulpit in uniform.

HOME.

William Lloyd Garrison, the original agitator of the slavery question, died in New York city, on the 25th inst., in the 73d year of his age.

Washington, Friday, May 23, 1879.—The subscriptions to the four per cent. refunding certificates since yesterday's report have amounted to \$1,893,720. As it has become apparent that the remainder of the four per cent. certificates unsold will not last more than six days, applications for designation as depositories hereafter received will be declined by the Department.

The civic courts have been asked to settle the dissensions in the Protestant Episcopal Church, growing out of the High and Low Church theories of worship. The issue was taken in regard to the Easter elections in St. Timothy's congregation, and the question to be determined is, whether certain practices are consistent with the canons and prayer book of the Church. Father Prescott, of St. Clement's, has taken St. Timothy's under his charge, and this brings the matter up for adjudication.

The new Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, in New York, said to be the finest church building in America, was dedicated on Sunday, 25th inst. The leading prelates of that Church were present, and the excursion trains from this city, over the Bound Brook route, swelled the attendance by fully two thousand. The new Rail Road Combination has started out with Sunday trains, which the Methodists condemn even in the times of camp-meetings.

Washington, May 24.—Sir Edward Thornton entertained a select company to-day at Mount Vernon in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday. The Diplomatic Corps was largely represented. Tables for the repast were spread on the lawn in front of the mansion. Attorney-General Devens toasted her Majesty, and the toast was appropriately responded to by her official representative, Sir Edward Thornton, who in turn toasted the President of the United States, to which Attorney-General Devens responded.

The harvests, after all, says the *Press*, form the basis of nature's prosperity. The N. Y. *Times* of Saturday had very detailed reports of the condition of growing crops from all over the country, and, according to these, the outlook is decidedly good, the crops generally promising to be larger than ever before. There will, certainly, be a heavy surplus of corn and wheat for exportation, as also of pork, beef, lard, butter and cheese. The reports also agree that while wages are low, employment is more uniform and business more active than for a long time past.

Farm and Garden.

The use of cow's milk in nervous disorders is very highly recommended by our best physicians. They prescribe it to be used at all hours, and recommend the patient to drink as much as four quarts per day if agreeable. The constant and exclusive use of this article after a time becomes very tiresome, and the milk acquires an unpleasant taste. It may in a degree be avoided by heating the milk and adding enough salt to flavor it, in this form doing as much good as in any other.

A correspondent in the *Rural World* shows some points of difference between British and American methods of feeding stock, as follows: In Great Britain turnips are cut, reduced to a pulp and mixed with cut hay or straw, and allowed to ferment. Hay and straw are always cut up and mixed with meal. Stock raisers in England buy oil cake, which Americans consider too expensive. They wet and use it with cut hay and straw and meal and pulped turnips. The manure from such feeding is regarded as of great value.

Regarding borers in peach trees, says the *Country Gentleman*, it is useful to heap a peck of dry, slaked lime about the peach trees after the grubs have been picked and before the earth is drawn back to the tree. The lime kills any grubs that may be left. If a live grub is thrown into the dry lime it will soon die; this may be tried to satisfy an inquiring mind. Having used lime in this way in 1877, the writer found no borers at all in his trees in 1878, and therefore has confidence in this means of repressing the depredations of this pest.

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer*, from Labette, Kansas, uses the following contrivance to prevent cows from sucking themselves: "Cows may be cured of sucking themselves by the use of two sticks long enough to reach from the butts of the horns to the back of the shoulders. Cut notches in both ends of the sticks and secure one end of each to the base of your cow's horns. Then pass a rope around her body just back of her fore legs. Fasten the other ends of the sticks to this rope by means of knots about midway of each side. I will pay for all the milk the cow gets when the above directions are followed."

Farmers should spare the birds. While it is undeniable that they are sometimes severe on the corn and sprouting grain, it is nevertheless a fact that they compensate for it by

destroying insects that might do more damage. The swallow, swift and nighthawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that would otherwise overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows and larks protect the surface of the soil; snipe and woodcock the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept away from the earth, the men could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living things could withstand their attacks.

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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1879.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
FLOUR, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$2.50@2.75
" Extra Family.....	4.87@5.00
" Fancy.....	5.25@5.75
Rye.....	2.75@2.87
Corn meal.....	2.50@2.75
Buckwheat meal.....	1.10@1.30
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.10@1.18
" Red.....	1.14@1.15
Rye.....	57@58
Corn, Yellow.....	43@44
" White.....	42@43
Oats.....	36@38
Barley two rowed.....	80@90
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	6@6
" Refined cut loaf.....	8@9
" " crushed.....	8@9
" " powdered.....	8@9
" " granulated.....	8@9
Coffee, Rio.....	13@15
" Maracaibo.....	13@20
" Laguayra.....	14@15
" Java.....	23@25
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	10.50@10.75
Dried Beef.....	12@13
Sugar cured Ham.....	9@10
Lard.....	6@6
Butter, Roll extra.....	9@10
Butter, Roll Common.....	7@8
" Prints, extra.....	20@25
" Common.....	16@19
" Grease.....	12@13
SEEDS, Clover.....	5.50@6.50
Timothy.....	1.35@1.45
Flax.....	1.40@1.45
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Lve. Harrisburg.....	8:00	1:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle.....	9:00	2:35	5:15	10:10
" Chambersburg.....	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown.....	11:30	5:00	7:45	P. M.
" Martinsburg.....	12:30	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg.....	7:00			9:00
" Hagerstown.....	8:15			10:10
" Chambersburg.....	9:30		1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:30	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:30	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

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